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# KING RICHARD THE THIRD



CASELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY  
(New Series)

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# KING RICHARD THE THIRD

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



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## INTRODUCTION.

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KING RICHARD THE THIRD completes the Civil War series of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and is probably the earliest historical play of which Shakespeare alone was the author. There was an older play of which Shakespeare made no use, entitled "*The True Tragedy of Richard the Third*" wherein is shown the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower with a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conjunction and joining of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and York. As it was played by the Queen's Majesty's Players." This old piece was first printed in 1594, and was then evidently of older date. It has been suggested that as it includes references to contemporary events, and does not refer to the Spanish Armada, the play must have been written before 1588. Its form certainly indicates an undeveloped state of the drama, and it has interest of its own as one of the earliest historical plays in our printed literature. For that reason, and for contrast with Shakespeare's play on the same subject, room shall be found for it after *Titus Andronicus*. The

present volume has to contain the completion of *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, the ground-work of Shakespeare's Third Part of *King Henry VI*. There was also a Latin play on *Richard III.* by Dr Legge, acted at Cambridge before 1583, which has no likeness to Shakespeare's

Of Shakespeares *Richard III* there are four quartos each giving it "as it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants." The title in each is the same—"The Tragedy of King Richard the Third Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence . the pitiful murther of his innocent Nephewes . his tyrannicall vsurpation with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death ' The first quarto, dated in 1597, was printed by Valentine Sims for Andrew Wise. The second quarto, dated in 1598, was printed by Thomas Creede for Andrew Wise. So was the third quarto, dated in 1602. The fourth quarto, dated in 1605, was printed by Thomas Creede, and sold by Matthew Lowe, to whom the play had been assigned on the 27th of June, 1603. The next edition was that of the first folio of 1623. But there were afterwards at least three more reprints of the quartos, namely in 1624, 1629, and 1634.

The first actor of the part of Richard III. was Richard, one of the two sons of James Burbage. James Burbage was head of the company of actors.

servants of the Earl of Leicester, by whom the first theatre was built. His son Richard had begun to act in or before 1588. He may have been about three years younger than Shakespeare, and the plays of Shakespeare gave him an opportunity for full use of his genius as an actor. An elegy upon Burbage's death—which was two years later than Shakespeare's—speaks of his Richard III, his Hamlet, Romeo, Macbeth, Shylock. He was small of stature, but, says the elegy —

“What a wide world was in that little space !  
 Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place  
 Thy stature small, but every thought and mood  
 Might thoroughly from thy face be understood ,  
 And his whole action he could change with ease  
 From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles ”

Corbet tells in his *Iter Boreale* how his host at Leicester turned Richard III. into Richard Burbage, for

“When he would have said ‘King Richard’ died,  
 And called, ‘A horse’ a Horse!’ he ‘Burbage’ cried.”

The great success of the play was in part due, no doubt, to Burbage's acting, and the part of Richard gives such wide range for the illustration of an actor's power, that *Richard III* has had unusual vitality upon the stage.

A play is to an actor welcome or unwelcome as it does or does not enable him to show the glory

of his art Richard III, who is the nearest approach made by Shakespeare to the suggestion of an incarnate spirit of evil, is gifted in large measure with that which Spenser made the chief attribute of Alichimago—the Devil, Father of Wiles—Hypocrisy Shakespeare's Richard wears many masks, and every change makes a new call on the powers of the actor

Although much in the general aspect of this play allies it to the earlier Elizabethan drama, the clearness with which Shakespeare shows all its parts from his own chosen point of sight, at once brings it within the range of Shakespeare's higher work If he did not himself write some lines of the last speech of Gloster in the Third Part of *King Henry VI*—as I believe he did, although the lines occur in the *True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*—he fastened upon them, and drew from them the main idea of his tragedy of *Richard III*, that was to close the sequence of these Civil War plays with the Union of the White Rose and the Red

“I have no brother,” said Richard—

“I have no brother, I am like no brother,  
And this word ‘Love,’ which grey beards call divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me I AM MYSELF ALONE”

In the play of *Richard III* Shakespeare works out the conception of a life in which no compunctious

visitings of Nature, no regard for God or a man's Neighbour, stays the course of action in a life entirely bent on the aggrandisement of Self. Richard's one object of desire is to attain the Crown. Whatever may to other men be dear or sacred is to him nothing, if it be not matter to his purpose. If it concern him, then he plays upon it with hypocrisy to gain some step towards his end, or makes his way over its ruin.

Of the First Act, Richard's murder of his brother Clarence is the theme. In asides and soliloquies we hear him thinking. In them he triumphs over those whom he betrays, and we have disclosed the hard features beneath his mask. Contrasted changes in the form of his hypocrisy show him first false to his brother, then false in his courtship to the Lady Anne, whom he wins by soft flattery, and mocks within himself, when he has won her, with a devil's scorn. Then in the scene at the palace, the mask of the smooth suitor has a contrast in a new form of hypocrisy, he takes the face and voice of the bluff, honest, ill-used man, "too childish-foolish for this world." Use is then made of Queen Margaret as a Cassandra, and her prophecies of ill for ill, in fullest retribution, are as a Fate that dominates throughout the later action of the play. Then follows in the murder of the brother the destruction of one bar between Richard and the throne.

The Second Act has for chief theme the death

of Edward IV., which brings Richard closer to his single object of desire—the Crown. False peace, with malice in its words, falsehood in other forms, cloaked with hypocrisy—to the children, to his mother, to Buckingham, his friend—show Richard full of danger, as the citizens believe who speak of Edward's death. Says one of them —

“ By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
 Ensuing danger, as, by proof, we see  
 The water swell before a hoist'rous storm —  
 But leave it all to God ”

In the Third Act the throne is won by murder and hypocrisy. Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan are swept away. Hastings, triumphing in their fate, blindly meets his own. Religion is the last cloak worn to win the Crown.

In the Fourth Act, since Edward's children live, the cup of iniquity is filled full by the usurper's murder of the children. The Act is opened with the tender wail of women, and there comes with it an indication that even Richard, who has shut out of his heart regard for God and man, cannot shut out the thoughts by which his dreams are tortured. Hard cruelty, false friendship, that throws Buckingham aside when he is no more helpful to selfish ends, precede the joining in one thought the murder of the children in the Tower with the marrying of their sister Elizabeth. That marriage may make

sure the holding of the Crown, to which end, therefore, he is also preparing to destroy his wife Anne. The reader's mind is filled with the pity of the murder of the children. Then Margaret is again upon the scene, the wail of women is renewed, the day of retribution is at hand. As Richard marches to meet Richmond, the wail of the women rises to a curse, and the close of it is the curse of his mother.

When Richard, after this, uses his cloak of hypocrisy to secure his desired union with the young Princess Elizabeth, and succeeds in the temptation of her mother, he can swear to his sincerity by nothing that he had not dishonoured and profaned —

*K. Rich* Now, by the world——

*Q. Eliz* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs

*K. Rich* My father's death——

*Q. Eliz* Thy life hath that dishonoured

*K. Rich* Then, by MYSELF

*Q. Eliz* THYSELF IS SELF MISUSEN "

In the Fifth Act, which fulfils Margaret's curse, and brings home full retribution, when the two tents of Richard and Richmond are shown side by side (Richard committing himself to his earthly guards, and Richmond committing himself, before he sleeps, in prayer to God), again the motive of the play has vigorous expression. Richard, awaking in fear from his tortured sleep, exclaims —

"What, do I fear myself? There's none else by.  
RICHARD LOVES RICHARD, THAT IS I AM I"

Richmond, in exhorting his men before the fight says —

"God and our good cause fight upon our side"

Richard has no such note in exhortation. He says —

"Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law"

Grant that there can be a man dead to all sympathies and sense of kin, whose only creed is "I am I," whose actions are absolutely selfish, unrestrained by pity, love, or tear, and Shakespeare's *King Richard III* sets forth the tragedy of such a death in life

H M.

# KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH  
 EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V,  
 RICHARD, Duke of York,  
 GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,  
 RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III,  
 A young Son of Clarence  
 HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII  
 CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury  
 THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York  
 JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely  
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM  
 DUKE OF NORFOLK  
 EARL OF SURREY, his Son  
 EARL RIVERS, Brother to Elizabeth  
 MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, Sons to Elizabeth  
 EARL OF OXFORD  
 LORD HASTINGS  
 LORD STANLEY  
 LORD LOVELL

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF  
 SIR JAMES TYRREL  
 SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN  
 SIR WILLIAM CATESBY  
 SIR JAMES BLOUNT  
 SIR WALTER HERBERT  
 SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower  
 CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest Another Priest  
 TRESSEL and BERKELEY, attending on Lady Anne.  
 Lord Mayor of London  
 Sheriff of Wiltshire  
 ELIZABETH, Queen to King Edward IV  
 MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI  
 DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV  
 LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI, afterwards married to Richard  
 A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET)  
 Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III, Lords and other Attendants, a Pursuant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—ENGLAND

# ACT I

## SCENE I — London A Street

*Enter RICHARD, Duke of GLOUCESTER, solus*

Glo Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York,  
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried  
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,  
 Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures  
 Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front,  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute  
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass,  
 I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty  
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph,  
 I that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable  
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them,—  
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time,  
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun  
 And descant on mine own deformity

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fain well-spoken days,  
I am determinéd to prove a villain  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence and the king  
In deadly hate the one against the other  
And if King Edward be as true and just  
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,  
About a prophecy, which says that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be —  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul here Clarence  
comes

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY*

Brother, good day what means this arméd guard?  
That waits upon your grace?

*Clar* His majesty,  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower

*Glo* Upon what cause?

*Clar* Because my namé is George

*Glo* Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours,  
He should, for that, commit your godfathers  
O, belike his majesty hath some intent  
That you shall be new-christened in the Tower  
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

*Clar* Yea, Richard, when I know, for I protest  
As yet I do not but, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G  
And says a wizard told him that by G

His issue disinherited should be,  
 And, for my name of George begins with G,  
 It follows in his thought that I am he.  
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these  
 Have moved his highness to commit me now  
*Glo* Why, this it is, when men are ruled by  
 women —

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,  
 My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she  
 That tempts him to this harsh extremity  
 Was it not she and that good man of worship,  
 Anthony Woodville, her brother there,  
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,  
 From whence this present day he is delivered?  
 We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe

*Clar* By heaven, I think there's no man is secure  
 But the queen's kindied and night walking heralds  
 That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.  
 Heard ye not what an humble suppliant  
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

*Glo* Humbly complaining to her deity  
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty  
 I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,  
 If we will keep in favour with the king,  
 To be her men and wear her livery  
 The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,  
 Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,  
 Are mighty gossips in this monarchy  
*Brak* Beseech your graces both to pardon me,  
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge  
 That no man shall have private conference,  
 Of what degree soever, with his brother  
*Glo* Even so, an't please your worship, Braken-  
 bury,

You may partake of anything we say  
We speak no treason, man, —we say the king  
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen  
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous, —  
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing  
tongue,

And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks  
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

*Brak* With this, my lord, myself have naught  
to do

*Glo* Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell  
thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best he do it secretly, alone

*Brak* What one, my lord?

*Glo* Her husband, knave wouldst thou betray  
me?

*Brak* I beseech your grace to pardon me, and  
withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke

*Clar* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and  
will obey

*Glo* We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.  
Brother, farewell I will unto the king,  
And whatso'er you will employ me in,  
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,  
I will perform it to enfranchise you  
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine

*Clar* I know it pleaseth neither of us well

*Glo* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;  
I will deliver you, or else lie for you  
Meantime, have patience

*Clar* I must perforce Farewell  
*[Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard]*  
*Glo* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er  
 return

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,  
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
 If heaven will take the present at our hands  
 But who comes here? the new delivered Hastings?

*Enter Lord HASTINGS*

*Hast* Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

*Glo* As much unto my good lord chamberlain!  
 Well are you welcome to the open air  
 How hath your lordship brooked imprisonment?

*Hast* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners  
 must

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks  
 That were the cause of my imprisonment

*Glo* No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence  
 too,

For they that were your enemies are his,  
 And have prevailed as much on him as you

*Hast* More pity that the eagle should be mewed,  
 While kites and buzzards prey at liberty

*Glo* What news abroad?

*Hast* No news so bad abroad as this at home,  
 The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,  
 And his physicians fear him mightily

*Glo* Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad  
 indeed

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,  
 And overmuch consumed his royal person.  
 'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.  
 What, is he in his bed?

*Hast.* He is

*Glo.* Go you before, and I will follow you

[*Exit* HASTINGS

He cannot live. I hope, and must not die  
Till George be prick'd with post-horse up to  
heaven

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With his well-steel'd with weighty arguments,  
And if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live  
Which done God take King Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in !  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter  
What though I killed her husband and her father ?  
The readiest way to make the venge' amends  
Is to become her husband and her father  
The which will I, not all so much for love  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her which I must reach unto  
But yet I run before my horse to market  
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and  
reigns.

When they are gone then must I count my gains  
[*Exit*

SCENE II. *The same Another street*

*Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it, among them TRISSEL and BERKLEY, Lady ANN being the mourner*

Anne Set down, set down your honourable load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—

Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster

*[The bearers set down the coffin.]*

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !

Be't lawful that I invoke thy ghost,

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,

Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these wounds !

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes

O, curséd be the hand that made these holes !

Curséd the heart that had the heart to do it !

Curséd the blood that let this blood from hence !

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,

That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !

If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view ,  
And that be hen to his unhappiness !  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
As miserable by the death of him  
As I am made by my poor lord and thee !  
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,  
Taken from Paul's to be interréd there ,  
And still, as you are weary of the weight,  
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's coise

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo* Stay, you that bear the coise, and set it  
down

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this  
fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

*Glo* Villains, set down the coise , or, by Saint  
Paul,

I'll make a coise of him that disobeys.

*Gent* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin  
pass

*Glo* Unmannered dog ! stand thou, when I  
command

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,  
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness

*[The bearers set down the coffin]*

*Anne* What, do you tremble ? are you all  
afraid ?

Alas, I blame you not , for you are mortal,  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil —  
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !  
Thou hadst but power o'er his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have , therefore, be gone.

*Glo* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst  
*Anne* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and  
trouble us not,

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclaims  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!—  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;  
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!  
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his  
death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer  
dead,

Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-governed arm hath butchered!

*Glo* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses

*Anne* Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor  
man

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity

*Glo* But I know none, and therefore am no  
beast

*Anne*. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

*Glo* More wonderful, when angels are so angry  
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed evils to give me leave  
By circumstance but to acquit myself

Anne Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,  
For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy curséd self

Glo Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me  
have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself

Anne Foulter than heart can think thee, thou  
canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself

Glo By such despair, I should accuse myself

Anne And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand  
excused

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others

Glo Say that I slew them not?

Anne Why, then they are not dead

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee

Glo I did not kill your husband

Anne Why, then he is alive

Glo Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's  
hand

Anne In thy foul throat thou liest Queen  
Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood,  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point

Glo I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders

Anne Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries  
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo I grant ye

Anne Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant  
me too

Thou mayst be damnéd for that wicked deed !—

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

*Glo* The fitter for the King of heaven, that  
hath him

*Anne* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never  
come

*Glo* Let him thank me, that help to send him  
thither,

For he was fitter for that place than earth

*Anne* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

*Glo* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me  
name it.

*Anne* Some dungeon.

*Glo* Your bed-chamber

*Anne* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou  
liest !

*Glo* So will it, madam, till I lie with you

*Anne* I hope so

*Glo* I know so But, gentle Lady Anne,

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,

And fall somewhat into a slower method,—

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,

As blameful as the executioner ?

*Anne* Thou art the cause, and most accursed  
effect.

*Glo* Your beauty was the cause of that effect,

Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep

To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Anne* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,

These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*Glo* These eyes could not endure that beauty's  
wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by  
As all the world is cheer'd by the sun,  
So I by that, it is my day, my life

*Anne.* Black night o'ershade thy day, and death  
thy life !

*Glo* Curse not thyself, fair creature, thou art  
both

*Anne* I would I were, to be revenged on thee

*Glo* It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be revenged on him that loveth you

*Anne* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be revenged on him that slew my husband

*Glo* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband

*Anne* His better doth not breathe upon the earth

*Glo* He lives that loves thee better than he could

*Anne* Name him

*Glo* Plantagenet

*Anne* Why, that was he

*Glo* The selfsame name, but one of better nature

*Anne* Where is he ?

*Glo* Here [She spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me ?

*Anne* Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !

*Glo* Never came poison from so sweet a place

*Anne* Never hung poison on a fouler toad  
Out of my sight ! thou dost infect my eyes

*Glo* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine

*Anne* Would they were basilisks, to strike thee  
dead !

*Glo* I would they were, that I might die at once,  
For now they kill me with a living death  
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,  
No, when my father York and Edward wept,  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made  
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him ;  
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,  
Told the sad story of my father's death,  
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep  
That all the standers by had wet their cheeks,  
Like trees bedashed with rain • in that sad time  
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;  
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with  
weeping

I never sued to friend nor enemy ,  
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;  
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,  
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to  
                  speak                   *[She looks scornfully at him*  
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,  
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open she offers at it with  
his sword.

Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry,—  
But 'twas thy beauty that provokéd me  
Nay, now dispatch, 'twas I that stabbed young  
Edward,—

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on  
[She lets fall the sword]

Take up the sword again, or take up me

*Anne* Arise, dissembler though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner

*Glo* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne* I have already

*Glo* Tush, that was in thy rage

Speak it again, and, even with the word,

This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

Shall for thy love kill a far truer love,

To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary

*Anne* I would I knew thy heart.

*Glo* 'Tis figued in my tongue

*Anne* I fear me both are false

*Glo* Then never man was true

*Anne* Well, well, put up your sword

*Glo* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Anne* That shall you know hereafter

*Glo* But shall I live in hope?

*Anne* All men, I hope, live so

*Glo* Vouchsafe to wear this ring

*Anne* To take is not to give

*Glo* Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart,

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine

And if thy poor devoted suppliant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever

*Anne* What is it?

*Glo* That it would please thee leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby Place,

Where, after I have solemnly interred

At Chertsey monastery this noble king,  
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
 I will with all expedient duty see you  
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
 Grant me this boon.

*Anne* With all my heart, and much it joys me  
 too,

To see you are become so penitent  
 Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me

*Glo* Bid me farewell

*Anne* 'Tis more than you deserve,  
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
 Imagine I have said farewell already

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKELEY*]

*Glo* Sirs, take up the corse.

*Gent* Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

*Glo* No, to Whitefriars, there attend my coming  
 [*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long

What! I, that killed her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate,

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes

The bleeding witness of her hatred by,

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against  
 me,

And I no thing to back my suit withal

But the plain devil and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,  
The spacious world cannot again afford .  
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,  
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
And made her widow to a woful bed ?  
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety !  
(On me, that halt and am unshapen thus ?  
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
I do mistake my person all this while  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,  
And entertain some score or two of tailors  
To study fashions to adorn my body  
Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost  
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,  
And then return lamenting to my love —  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass [Exit

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SCENE III — The Palace

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and Lord GREY*

*Riv* Have patience, madam there's no doubt  
his majesty

Will soon recover his accustomed health

*Grey* In that you brook it ill, it makes him  
worse

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words  
*Q Eliz* If he were dead, what would betide of  
 me?

*Riv* No other harm but loss of such a lord

*Q Eliz* The loss of such a lord includes all harm

*Grey* The heavens have blessed you with a  
 goodly son

To be your comforter when he is gone

*Q Eliz* Oh, he is young, and his minority  
 Is put unto the trust of Richard C'oster,  
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you

*Riv* Is it concluded he shall be protector?

*Q Eliz* It is determined, not concluded yet  
 But so it must be, if the king miscarry

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY

*Grey* Here come the lords of Buckingham and  
 Stanley

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal grace!

*Stan* God make your majesty joyful as you  
 have been!

*Q Eliz* The Countess Richmond, good my lord  
 of Stanley,

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen  
 Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
 And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured  
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance

*Stan* I do beseech you, either not believe  
 The envious slanders of her false accusers,  
 Or, if she be accused in true report,  
 Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
 From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*Riv* Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

*Stan* But now the Duke of Buckingham and I  
Are come from visiting his majesty

*Q Eliz* What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

*Buck* Madam, good hope, his grace speaks cheerfully.

*Q Eliz* God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

*Buck* Ay, madam he desires to make atonement  
Betwixt the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,  
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain,  
And sent to wain them to his royal presence

*Q Eliz* Would all were well!—but that will  
never be

I fear our happiness is at the height

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSLET*

*Glo* They do me wrong, and I will not endure't:  
Who are they that complain unto the king  
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.  
Because I cannot flatter and speak fan,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy  
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abused  
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

*Riv* To whom in all this presence speaks your  
grace?

*Glo* To thee, that hast not honesty nor grace  
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?  
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?  
A plague upon you all! His royal person,—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—  
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.  
*Q. Elz.* Brother of Gloster, you mistake the  
 matter

The king, of his own royal disposition,  
 And not provoked by any sutor else,  
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred  
 Which in your outward actions shows itself  
 Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,  
 Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather  
 The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

*Glo* I cannot tell the world is grown so bad,  
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :  
 Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Q. Elz.* Come, come, we know your meaning,  
 brother Gloster,  
 You envy my advancement and my friends' :  
 God grant we never may have need of you !

*Glo* Meantime, God grants that we have need of  
 you  
 Our brother is imprisoned by your means,  
 Myself disgraced, and the nobility  
 Held in contempt, whilst many fair promotions  
 Are daily given to ennoble those  
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Q. Elz.* By him that raised me to this careful  
 height  
 From that contented hap which I enjoyed,  
 I never did incense his majesty  
 Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been  
 An earnest advocate to plead for him  
 My lord, you do me shameful injury,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects

*Glo* You may deny that you were not the cause  
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment

*Riv* She may, my lord, for—

*Glo* She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows  
not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that  
She may help you to many fair preferments,  
And then deny her aiding hand therein  
And lay those honours on your high deserts  
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—

*Riv* What, marry, may she?

*Glo* What, marry, may she ' marry with a king,  
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too  
I wis your grandam had a worser match

*Q Eliz* My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs  
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty  
With those gross taunts I often have endured  
I had rather be a country servant-maid  
Than a great queen, with this condition,  
To be thus taunted, scorned, and storméd at

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind*

Small joy have I in being England's queen —

*Q Mar* [*Aside*] And lessened be that small,  
God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me —

*Glo* What! threat you me with telling of the  
king?

Tell him, and spare not look, what I have said  
I will avouch in presence of the king:  
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower

'Tis time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot —

*Q. Mar* [*Aside*] Out, devil! I remember them too well

Thou slew'st my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.—

*Glo* Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;  
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,  
A liberal rewarder of his friends

To royalise his blood I spilt mine own —

*Q. Mar* [*Aside*] Ay, and much better blood than his or thine

*Glo* In all which time you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster :

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now, and what you are ;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.—

*Q. Mar* [*Aside*] A monstrous villain, and so still thou art —

*Glo* Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick,

Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

*Q. Mar* [*Aside*] Which God revenge!—

*Glo* To fight on Edward's party for the crown ;

And for his meed, poor lord, he is mewed up

I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's ;

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine

I am too childish-foolish for this world —

*Q. Mar* [*Aside*] Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,

Thou cacodemon! There thy kingdom is.

*Riv* My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days  
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We followed then our lord, our lawful king  
So should we you, if you should be our king

*Glo* If I should be ! I had rather be a pedlar  
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it !

*Q Eliz* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,  
As little joy may you suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof —

*Q Mar* [*Aside*] As little joy enjoys the queen  
thereof,

For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient [*Advancing*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pilled from me !

Which of you trembles not that looks on me ?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,  
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?

O gentle villain, do not turn away !

*Glo* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in  
my sight ?

*Q Mar* But repetition of what thou hast maid red,  
That will I make before I let thee go

*Glo* Wert thou not banishéd on pain of death ?

*Q Mar*. I was,

But I do find more pain in banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me,—

And thou a kingdom,—all of you allegiance.

The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine

*Glo* The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper

And with thy scum drew'st rivers from his eyes,  
 And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout  
 Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—  
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
 Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;  
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed

*Q Eliz* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Mar* O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
 And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

*Riv* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported

*Dor* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buck* Northumberland, then present, wept to see it

*Q Mar* What were you smiling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
 And turn you all your hatred now on me?  
 Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven  
 That Henry's death my lovely Edward's death,  
 Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
 Could all but answer for that peevish brat?  
 Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?  
 Why, then, give way, dull clouds to my quick  
 curses!

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
 As ours by murder, to make him a king!  
 Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,  
 For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales  
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence!  
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!  
 Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;  
 And see another, as I see thee now,

Decked in thy ights, as thou art stalled in mine !  
Long die thy happy days before thy death ,  
And, after many lengthened hours of grief  
Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !—  
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,—  
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son  
Was stabbed with bloody daggers God, I pray him,  
That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlooked accident cut off !

*Glo* Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered  
hag !

*Q Mar* And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou  
shalt hear me

If heaven have any grievous plague in store  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !  
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !  
Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog !  
Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity  
The slave of nature and the son of hell !  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !  
Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

*Glo* Margaret

*Q. Mar* Richard !

*Glo* Ha !

*Q Mar.*

I call thee not.

*Glo* I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought  
That thou hadst called me all these bitter names

*Q Mar* Why, so I did, but looked for no reply  
O, let me make the period to my curse!

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret'

*Q Eliz.* Thus have you breathed your curse  
against yourself.

*Q Mar* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my  
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?  
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself  
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse that poisonous hunch-backed  
toad

*Hast* False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience

*Q Mar* Foul shame upon you! you have all  
moved mine

*Riv* Were you well served, you would be taught  
your duty

*Q Mar* To serve me well, you all should do me  
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects  
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

*Dor* Dispute not with her, she is lunatic

*Q Mar* Peace, master marquess, you are  
malapert

Your fine-new stamp of honour is scarce current  
O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake  
them,

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

*Glo* Good counsel, marry learn it, learn it  
maiquess

*Dor* It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glo* Yea, and much more. but I was born so high,  
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun

*Q Mar* And turns the sun to shade, alas! alas!  
Witness my son, now in the shade of death,  
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal darkness folded up  
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.  
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it,  
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

*Buch* Peace, peace ! for shame, if not for charity

*Q Mar* Urge neither charity nor shame to me  
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered  
My charity is outrage, life my shame,  
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

*Buck* Have done, have done

*Q Mar* O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy  
hand,  
In sign of league and amity with thee  
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compass of my curse

*Buck* Nor no one here, for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air

*Q Mar* I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace  
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !  
Look, when he fawns, he bites , and when he bites,  
His venom tooth will rankle to the death .  
Have not to do with him, beware of him,

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,  
And all their ministers attend on him

*Glo* What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

*Buck* Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord

*Q Mar* What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit*

*Hast* My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses

*Riv* And so doth mine I muse why she's at liberty,

*Glo* I cannot blame her by God's holy mother,  
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent  
My part thereof that I have done to her

*Q Eliz* I never did her any, to my knowledge

*Glo* But you have all the vantage of her wrong  
I was too hot to do somebody good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid,

He is flanked up to fattening for his pains,

God pardon them that are the cause of it!

*Riv* A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scathe to us

*Glo* So do I ever [*Aside*] being well advised,  
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself

*Enter CATESBY*

*Cates* Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—

And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords

*Q. Eliz.* Catesby, we come    Lords, will you go  
with us?

*Ric.* We wait upon your grace

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER*]

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others  
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,  
I do beweepe to many simple gulls,  
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham,  
And say it is the queen and her allies  
That stir the king against the duke my brother  
Now, they believe it, and withal whet me  
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey  
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ,  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.  
But, soft! here come my executioners.

*Enter two Murderers*

How now, my hardy, stout, resolv'd mates!  
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

*1 Murd.* We are, my lord, and come to have  
the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is

*Glo.* Well thought upon,—I have it here about  
me

[*Gives the warrant*]

When you have done, repair to Catesby Place  
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead,  
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him  
*1 Murd* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to  
 prate,  
 Talkers are no good doers he assumed  
 We come to use our hands and not our tongues.  
*Glo* Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes  
 drop tears  
 I like you, lads,—about your business stright;  
 Go, go, dispatch  
*1 Murd* We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt

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SCENE IV.—London A Room in the Tower

*Enter CLAPNELL and BRAKENBURY.*

*Brak* Why looks your grace so heavy to-day?

*Clar* O, I have passed a miserable night,  
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
 I would not spend another such a night,  
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—  
 So full of dismal terror was the time!

*Brak* What was your dream, my lord? I pray  
 you tell me.

*Clar* Methought that I had broken from the  
 Tower,  
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,  
 And, in my company, my brother Gloster,  
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
 Upon the hatches thence we looked toward  
 England,  
 And cited up a thousand fearful times,  
 During the wars of York and Lancaster

That had befall'n us As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled, and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!  
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,  
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea  
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and, in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,—  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes,—reflecting gems,  
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by

*Brah* Had you such leisure in the time of death  
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

*Clar* Methought I had, and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air,  
But smothered it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea

*Brah* Awaked you not with this sore agony?

*Clar* O, no, my dream was lengthened after life;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul,  
Who passed, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;

Who cried aloud, 'What scruple for perjury  
 Can this dark moment yield false Clarence?'  
 And so he vanished: then came wandering by  
 A shadow like an eagle with bright hair  
 Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,  
 'Clarence is come — false footing, prepared  
 Clarence. —'

That started me in the holy Tetherbury, —  
 Saw on her Furnace-table 'neath your foot-steps!  
 With that, methought a legion of fiend-furies  
 Entered my chamber, and in mine ears  
 Such notions crept that I have long forgot;  
 I trembling raised, and for a season after  
 Could not believe that I was in hall. —  
 Such terrible vapours came in the dream

But No marvel, for though it frightened you;  
 I am afraid not that it should frighten you.

Cit. O Brother, what have done these things  
 Which now I see evidence against my soul.  
 For Edward's sake, and so I owe he repays me —  
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
 But thou wilt be averged on my misdeeds.  
 Yet execute thy wrath in the close  
 O spare my guiltless wife and my poor children! —  
 Keeper I pray thee, sit by me awhile;  
 My soul is heavy, and I fear would sleep.

Brother. I will my lord. God give you grace good  
 rest! —

[Clarence sleeps.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide  
 night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
 An outward honour for an inward toil.  
 And, for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares  
So that, between their titles and low name  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame

*Enter the two Murderers*

1 *Murd* Ho! who's here?

*Brak* What would'st thou, fellow? and how  
cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd* I would speak with Clarence and I  
came hither on my legs

*Brak*. What, so brief?

2 *Murd* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious Let  
him see our commission, ' talk no more

*[Brahenbury reads it*

*Brak* I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning  
Here are the keys,—there sits the duke asleep.  
I'll to the king, and signify to him  
That thus I have resigned my charge to you

1 *Murd* You may, sir, 'tis a point of wisdom  
fare you well. *[Exit Brahenbury]*

2 *Murd* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd* No, then he will say 'twas done  
cowardly, when he wakes

2 *Murd* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall  
never wake till the judgment-day

1 *Murd* Why, then he'll say we stabbed him  
sleeping

2 *Murd* The urging of that word 'judgment'  
hath bid a kind of remorse in me

1 *Murd* What, art thou afraid?

2 *Murd* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it;

but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend us

1 *Murd* I thought thou hadst been resolute

2 *Murd* So I am, to let him live

1 *Murd* I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so

2 *Murd* Nay, I prithee, stay a little, I hope my holy humour will change, 'twas wont to hold me but while one tells twenty

1 *Murd* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me

1 *Murd* Remember our reward when the deed's done

2 *Murd* Zounds, he dies I had forgot the reward

*Murd* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd* In the Duke of Gloster's purse

1 *Murd* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd* 'Tis no matter, let it go, there's few or none will entertain it

1 *Murd* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd* I'll not meddle with it.—it is a dangerous thing it makes a man a coward. a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him, a man cannot swear, but it checks him, a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom, it fills one full of obstacles it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found, it beggars any man that keeps it it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

1 *Murd* Zounds, it is even now at my elbow,  
persuading me not to kill the duke

2 *Murd* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe  
him not he would insinuate with thee but to make  
thee sigh

1 *Murd* I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail  
with me

2 *Murd* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects  
his reputation Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd* Take him over the costard with the  
hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the  
malmsey-butt in the next room

2 *Murd* O excellent device! make a sop of him

1 *Murd* Soft, he wakes

2 *Murd* Strike!

1 *Murd* No, we'll reason with him

*Clar* [*waking*] Where art thou, keeper? give  
me a cup of wine

2 *Murd* You shall have wine enough, my lord,  
anon

*Clar* In God's name, what art thou?

2 *Murd* A man, as you are

*Clar* But not, as I am, loyal

2 *Murd* Nor you, as we are, loyal

*Clar* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are  
humble

2 *Murd* My voice is now the king's, my looks  
mine own.

*Clar* How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!  
Your eyes do menace me why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

*Both* To, to, to—

*Clar* To murder me?

*Both* Ay, ay

*Clar* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.  
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd* Offended us you have not, but the king

*Clar* I shall be reconciled to him again

2 *Murd* Never, my lord therefore prepare  
to die

*Clar* Are you called forth from out a world of  
men

To slay the innocent? What's my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given them verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me.

The deed you undertake is damnable

1 *Murd* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd* And he that hath commanded is our  
king

*Clar* Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings  
Hath in the tables of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder will you, then,  
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?

Take heed for he holds vengeance in his hands  
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd*. And that same vengeance doth he hurl  
on thee

For false forswearing, and for murder too.

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster

1 *Murd* And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous  
blade

Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son

2 *Murd* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and  
defend

1 *Murd* How canst thou urge God's dreadful  
law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

*Clar* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake

He sends you not to murder me for this,

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be revenged for this deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm,

He needs no indirect nor lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him

1 *Murd* Who made thee, then, a bloody  
minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

*Clar* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage

1 *Murd* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy  
fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee

*Clar* If you do love my brother, hate not me,

I am his brother, and I love him well

If you be hired for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster,

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death

2 *Murd* You are deceived, your brother Gloster  
hates you

*Clar* O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear :  
Go you to him from me.

*Both* Ay, so we will

*Clar* Tell him, when that our princely father  
York

Blessed his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charged us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship  
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep

*1 Murd* Ay, millstones, as he lessoned us to  
weep

*Clar* O, do not slander him, for he is kind

*1 Murd* Right,

As snow in harvest — Come, you deceive yourself .  
Tis he that sends us to destroy you here

*Clar* It cannot be, for he bequept my fortune,  
And hugged me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery

*2 Murd* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

*1 Murd* Make peace with God, for you must  
die, my lord

*Clar* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul.  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?  
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on  
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

*2 Murd* What shall we do?

*Clar* Relent, and save your souls.  
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not entreat for life

1 *Murd* Relent ! 'tis cowardly and womanish  
*Clar* Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish,—  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks,  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,  
As you would beg, were you in my distress  
A begging prince what beggar pities not ?

2 *Murd* Look behind you, my lord

1 *Murd* Take that, and that if all this will  
not do, [Stabs him.  
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within  
[Exit with the body

2 *Murd* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched !  
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done !

*Re-enter First Murderer*

1 *Murd* How now ! what mean'st thou, that  
thou help'st me not ?  
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou  
art !

2 *Murd* I would he knew that I had saved his  
brother !  
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;  
For I repent me that the duke is slain [Exit.

1 *Murd* So do not I - go, coward as thou art !  
Now must I hide his body in some hole,  
Until the duke take order for his burial .  
And when I have my meed, I will away ;  
For this will out, and here I must not stay [Exit

## ACT II

SCENE I — London A Room in the Palace

*Enter King EDWARD led in sick, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others*

*K Edu* Why, so, now have I done a good day's work —

You peers, continue this united league  
I every day expect an embassage  
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence,  
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth  
Rivers and Hastings, take each others hand,  
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love

*Riv* By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love

*Hast* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

*K Edu* Take heed you dally not before your king,

Lost he that is the supreme King of kings  
Centound your hidden falsehood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end

*Hast* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

*Riv* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

*K Edu* Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you,—  
You have been factious one against the other  
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;  
And what you do do it unfeignedly

*Q. Eliz* There, Hastings, I will never more  
remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

*K Edw* Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love  
lord marquess

*Dor* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part shall be unviolable

*Hast* And so swear I. [*They embrace*]

*K Edw* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou  
this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
And make me happy in your unity

*Buck* [*To the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham  
doth turn his hate

Upon your grace, but with all duteous love  
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love!  
When I have most need to employ a friend,  
And most assured that he is a friend,  
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,  
Be he unto me!—this do I beg of God,  
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours

[*They embrace*]

*K Edw* A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-  
ingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart  
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,  
To make the perfect period of this peace

*Buck* And, in good time, here comes the noble  
duke

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo* Good morrow to my sovereign king and  
queen,

And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day  
 Brother, we have done deeds of charity,  
 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
 Between these warring wrong-incensed peers.

*Glo.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege —  
 Amongst this princely heap, if any here,  
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
 Hold me a foe,

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
 By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace.

'Tis death to me to be at enmity,  
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love. —

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
 Which I will purchase with my dutiful service —  
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodged between us, —  
 Of you, Lord Rivers, — and, Lord Grey, of you, —  
 That all without desert have frowned on me, —  
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen, — indeed, of all  
 I do not know that Englishman alive

With whom my soul is any jot at odds  
 More than the infant that is born to night  
 I thank my God for my humility.

*Q. Eliz.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter —  
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded —  
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace

*Glo.* Why, madam, have I offered love for this,  
 To be so flouted in this royal presence?  
 Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?

[*They all start*

You do him injury to scorn his corse

*Riv* Who knows not he is dead ! Who knows  
he is ?

*Q Eliz* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

*Buck* Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

*Dor* Ay, my good lord, and no one in this  
presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks

*K Edw* Is Clarence dead ? The order was re-  
versed

*Glo* But he, poor soul, by your first order died,  
And that a wingéd Mercury did bear,  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,  
That came too lag to see him buried  
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
And yet go current from suspicion !

*Enter STANLEY*

*Stan* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

*K Edw* I pray thee, peace my soul is full of  
sorrow

*Stan* I will not use, unless your highness grant

*K Edw* Then speak at once what is it thou  
demand'st

*Stan* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,  
Who slew to day a notorious gentleman  
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk

*K Edw* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's  
death,  
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?  
My brother killed no man, his fault was thought,  
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who said to me for him? who in my rage,  
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be reviv'd?  
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?  
 Who told me how the poor soul did for me  
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?  
 Who told me, in the cold bed of the earth,  
 When Oxford had me down he re-anim'd me,  
 And said, 'Be a brother, let me be a king?'  
 Who told me, when he both lay in the bed  
 Frozen almost to death, how he did oppress  
 Even in his garments, and did give me life,  
 All this and more, to the world's end I shall tell  
 All this from my remembrance I have taken  
 Sadly pluck'd and set a mark of you  
 Had so much grace to put it in my heart  
 But when your curses, or your wrappings, or  
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
 The precious image of our dear Richmond,  
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;  
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it if you —  
 But for my brother not a man would speak,  
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself  
 For him, poor soul! The proud of you all  
 Have been beholding to him in his life,  
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life —  
 O God, I fear thy justice will take hold  
 On me and you, and mine and yours for this!  
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah!  
 Poor Clarence!

*[Exeunt King and Queen, Hastings,  
 Rivers, Dorset, and Grey]*

*Glo* This is the fruit of richness — Marked you  
 not

How that the guilty hundred of the queen

Looked pale when they did hear of Clarence' death ?  
O, they did urge it still unto the king !  
God will revenge it — But come, let us in,  
To comfort Edward with our company

*Buck* We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt

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SCENE II — Another Room in the Palace

*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with a Son and  
Daughter of CLARENCE*

*Boy* Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead ?

*Duch* No, boy

*Boy* Why do you wring your hands, and beat  
your breast,

And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son !'

*Girl* Why do you look on us, and shake your  
head,

And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,  
If that our noble father be alive ?

*Duch* My pretty cousins, you mistake me both,  
I do lament the sickness of the king,  
As loth to lose him, not your father's death,  
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost

*Boy* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is  
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this  
God will revenge it, whom I will importune  
With daily prayers all to that effect

*Girl* And so will I

*Duch* Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love  
you well

Incapable and shallow innocents,  
You cannot guess who caused your father's death

*Boy* Giandam, we can, for my good uncle  
Gloster

Told me, the king, provoked to 't by the queen,  
Devised impeachments to imprison him  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek,  
Bade me rely on him as on my father,  
And he would love me dearly as his child

*Duch* Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle  
shapes,

And with a virtuous vizor hide foul guile !

He is my son, yea, and therein my shame ;  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Son* Think you my uncle did dissemble, gran-  
dam ?

*Duch* Ay, boy

*Son* I cannot think it —Hark ! what noise is  
this ?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, with her hair about her  
ears, RIVERS and DORSET after her*

*Q Eliz* O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy

*Duch* What means this scene of rude im-  
patience ?

*Q Eliz* To make an act of tragic violence  
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead  
Why grow the branches when the root is gone ?  
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?  
If you will live, lament, if die, be brief,  
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,  
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

*Duch* Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow  
As I had title in thy noble husband !  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And lived by looking on his images  
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death,  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him  
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee  
But death hath snatched my husband from mine arms,  
And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,—  
Edward and Clarence O, what cause have I,—  
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,—  
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries !

*Son* Good aunt, you wept not for our father's  
death !

How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

*Daughter.* Our fatherless distress we left un-  
moaned,

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !

*Q Eliz* Give me no help in lamentation,  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, being governed by the watery moon,  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !  
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

*Chil* Ah for our father, for our dear lord  
Clarence !

*Duch* Alas for both, both mine, Edward and  
Clarence !

*Q Eliz* What stay had I but Edward ? and he's  
gone.

*Chal.* What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

*Duch* What stays had I but they? and they are gone

*Q Eliz* Was never widow had so dear a loss!

*Chal* Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

*Duch* Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Alas, I am the mother of these moans!

Their woes are parcelled, mine are general

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I,

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I,

I for an Edward weep, so do not they,

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distressed,

Pour all your tears? I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations

*Dor* Comfort, dear mother God is much displeased

That you take with unthankfulness his doing.

In common worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent,

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven

For it requires the royal debt it lent you

*Ric* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son send straight for him,

Let him be crowned, in him your comfort lives

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and others*

*Glo* Madam, have comfort all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star,

But none can cure then harms by wailing them —  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,  
I did not see your grace —humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing

*Duch.* God bless thee, and put meekness in thy  
mind,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

*Glo* Amen, [*Aside*] and make me die a good  
old man !—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing  
I marvel that her grace did leave it out

*Buck* You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing  
peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son  
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,  
But lately splintered, knit, and joined together,  
Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched  
Hither to London, to be crowned our king

*Riv* Why with some little train, my Lord of  
Buckingham ?

*Buck* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-healed wound of malice should break out,  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the state's green and yet ungoverned:  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented

*Glo* I hope the king made peace with all of us,

And the compact is firm and true in me.

*Ric.* And so in me, and so, I think, in all  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which haply by much company might be urged :  
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I

*Glo.* Then be it so, and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that strait shall post to Lud-  
low

Madam,—and you, my mother,—will you go  
To give your censures in this business?

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.*]

*Buck.* My lord, & however journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home,  
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,  
As index to the story we late talked of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

*Glo.* My other self, my counsel's consistency,  
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,  
I, like a child, will go by thy direction  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—London A Street

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour, well met :  
whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself .  
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Ay,—that the king is dead

2 *Cit* Ill news, by 'i lady, seldom comes the  
better  
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world

*Enter another Citizen*

3 *Cit* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Cit* Give you good morrow, sir

3 *Cit* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's  
death ?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true, God help, the while !

3 *Cit* Then, masters, look to see a troublous  
world

1 *Cit* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall  
reign

3 *Cit* Woe to that land that's governed by a  
child !

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,  
That, in his nonage, Council under him,  
And in his full and ripened years himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well

1 *Cit* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth  
Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit* Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends,  
God wot,  
For then this land was famously enriched  
With politic grave counsel, then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace

1 *Cit* Why, so hath this, both by his father and  
mother

3 *Cit* Better it were they all came by his father,  
Or by his father there were none at all,  
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster !

And the queen's sons and brothers haught and  
proud

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace us before

1 *Cit* Come, come, we fear the worst all will  
be well

3 *Cit* When clouds are seen, wise men put on  
their cloaks,

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth

All may be well, but, if God sort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect

2 *Cit* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear;  
Ye cannot reason almost with a man

That looks not heavily and full of dread

3 *Cit* Before the days of change, still is it so

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust

Ensuing danger, as, by proof, we see

The waters swell before a boisterous storm

But leave it all to God—Whither away?

2 *Cit* Marry, we were sent for to the justice

3 *Cit* And so was I—I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of  
York, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of  
York*

*Arch.* Last night, I hear, they lay at North-  
ampton,

At Stony-Stratford will they be to night

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here

*Duch* I long with all my heart to see the prince

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him

*Q Eliz* But I hear, no, they say my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth

*York* Ay, mother, but I would not have it so

*Duch* Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow

*York* Grandam one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow

More than my brother 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloster,

'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace'

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste

*Duch* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a-growing and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious

*Arch* Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is

*Duch* I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt

*York* Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth nearer than he touched mine

*Duch* How, my pretty York? I prithee, let me hear it

*York* Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
*Grandam*, this would have been a biting jest

*Duch* I prithee, pretty *York*, who told thee  
this?

*York* *Grandam*, his nurse

*Duch* His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou  
wert born

*York* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told  
me

*Q Eliz* A pailous boy —go to, you are too  
shrewd

*Arch* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Q Eliz* Pitchers have ears

*Arch* Here comes a messenger

*Enter a Messenger*

What news?

*Mess* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to  
report.

*Q Eliz* How doth the prince?

*Mess* Well, madam, and in health.

*Duch* What is thy news then?

*Mess* Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to  
Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners

*Duch* Who hath committed them?

*Mess* The mighty Dukes  
Gloster and Buckingham.

*Q Eliz* For what offence?

*Mess* The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;  
Why or for what these nobles were committed  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady

*Q Eliz* Ay me, I see the downfall of our house !  
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind ,  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet  
Upon the innocent and aweless throne —  
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !  
I see, as in a map, the end of all

*Duch* Accurséd and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !  
My husband lost his life to get the crown ,  
And often up and down my sons were tossed,  
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss  
And being setted, and domestic broils  
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,  
Make war upon themselves , brother to brother,  
Blood to blood, self against self O, preposterous  
And frantic outrage, end thy damnéd spleen ,  
Or let me die, to look on death no more !

*Q Eliz* Come, come, my boy, we will to  
sanctuary —

Madam, farewell

*Duch* Stay, I will go with you

*Q Eliz* You have no cause

*Arch* My gracious lady, go ,

And thither bear your treasure and your goods  
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace  
The seal I keep , and so betide to me  
As well I tender you and all of yours !  
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary [*Exeunt*

## ACT III

SCENE I—London A Street

*The trumpets sound Enter the young Prince, the  
Dukes of GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal  
BOURCHIER, CATESBY, and others*

*Buck* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to  
your chamber

*Glo* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sove-  
reign

*The weary way hath made you melancholy*

*Prince* No, uncle, but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy  
I want more uncles here to welcome me

*Glo* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your  
years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit,  
Nor more can you distinguish of a man  
Than of his outward show, which, God he knows,  
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart  
Those uncles which you want were dangerous,  
Your grace attended to their sugared words,  
But looked not on the poison of their hearts  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

*Prince* God keep me from false friends! but  
they were none

*Glo* My lord, the mayor of London comes to  
greet you

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.*

*May* God bless your grace with health and  
happy days!

*Prince* I thank you, good my lord,—and thank you all

I thought my mother, and my brother York,  
Would long ere this have met us on the way  
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not  
To tell us whether they will come or no!

*Buck* And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord

*Enter Lord Hastings*

*Prince* Welcome, my lord what, will our mother come?

*Hast* On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have taken sanctuary the tender Prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld

*Buck* Fie, what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently?  
If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce

*Card* My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak  
oratory  
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,  
Expect him here, but if she be obdurate  
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin

*Buck* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,  
Too ceremonious and traditional  
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place  
This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it,  
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it  
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,  
But sanctuary children ne'er till now

*Card* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for  
once

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

*Hast* I go, my lord

*Prince*. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you  
may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

*Glo* Where it seems best unto your royal self.  
If I may counsel you, some day or two  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower  
Then where you please and shall be thought most  
fit

For your best health and recreation.

*Prince* I do not like the Tower, of any place  
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

*Buck*. He did, my gracious lord, begin that  
place,

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified

*Prince* Is it upon record, or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it?

*Buck* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince* But say, my lord, it were not registered,  
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retailed to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glo* [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do  
ne'er live long

*Prince* What say you, uncle?

*Glo* I say, without characters fame lives long  
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
I moralise two meanings in one word

*Prince* That Julius Cæsar was a famous man,  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valour live  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life—  
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

*Buck* What, my gracious lord?

*Prince* An if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king

*Glo* [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a  
forward spring

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the Duke  
of York.

*Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal*

*Prince* Richard of York! how fares our loving  
brother?

*York* Well, my dread lord, so must I call you  
now.

*Prince* Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours  
Too late he died that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty

*Glo* How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle ' O, my lord,  
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glo* He hath, my lord

*York* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so

*York* Then is he more beholding to you than I.

*Glo* He may command me as my sovereign,

But you have power in me as in a kinsman

*York* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glo* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart

*Prince* A beggar, brother!

*York* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

Being but a toy, which is no grief to give

*Glo* A greater gift than that I'll give my  
cousin

*York* A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

*Glo* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough

*York* O, then, I see, you'll part but with light  
gifts,

In weightier things you'll see a beggar may.

*Glo* It is too heavy for your grace to wear

*York* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier

*Glo*. What, would you have my weapon, little  
lord?

*York* I would, that I might thank you as you  
call me.

*Glo* How?

*York* Little

*Prince* My Lord of York will still be cross in  
talk

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with  
me

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me,  
Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders

*Buck* [*Aside to HASTINGS*] With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself  
So cunning and so young is wonderful

*Glo.* My lord, will 't please you pass along!  
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you

*York* What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

*Prince* My lord protector needs will have it so

*York* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower

*Glo* Why, what should you fear?

*York* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost  
My grandam told me he was murdered there

*Prince* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince* An if they live, I hope I need not fear,  
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower

[*A. Sennet*    *Exeunt all but GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, and CATESBY*

*Buck* Think you, my lord, this little prating  
York

Was not incens'd by his subtle mother  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glo* No doubt, no doubt O, 'tis a parlous boy:  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable  
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck* Well, let them rest—Come hither,  
Catesby.

Thou 'rt sworn as deep to effect what we intend  
As closely to conceal what we impart  
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ;  
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter  
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

*Cate* He for his father's sake so loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him

*Buck* What think'st thou, then, of Stanley ? will  
not he ?

*Cate* He will do all in all as Hastings doth

*Buck* Well, then, no more but this go, gentle  
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ,  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation

If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons .

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too , and so break off your talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed

*Glo* Commend me to Lord William tell him,  
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle ,  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go, effect this business  
soundly.

*Cate* My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Glo* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

*Cate* You shall, my lord.

*Glo* At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both. *[Exit Catesby]*

*Buck* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glo* Chop off his head, man—somewhat we will do—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and the movables

Whereof the king my brother stood possessed.

*Buck* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands

*Glo* And look to have it yielded with all kindness

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form

*[Exeunt]*

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## SCENE II Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mess* My lord! my lord!

*Hast* *[Within]* Who knocks?

*Mess* One from the Lord Stanley

*Hast* What is't o'clock?

*Mess* Upon the stroke of four

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

*Mess* So it appears by that I have to say  
First, he commends him to your noble self

*Hast* What then?

*Mess* Then certifies your lordship that this  
night

He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm  
Besides he says there are two councils held,  
And that may be determined at the one  
Which may make you and him to rue at the  
other

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's  
pleasure,—

If presently you will take horse with him  
And with all speed post with him towards the  
north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines

*Hast* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord,  
Bid him not fear the separated councils  
His honour and myself are at the one,  
And at the other is my good friend Catesby,  
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us  
Whereof I shall not have intelligence  
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance  
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond  
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers  
To fly the boar before the boar pursues  
Were to incense the boar to follow us  
And make pursuit where he did mean no  
chase

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,  
And we will both together to the Tower,  
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly

*Mess* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you  
say

[*Exit*

*Enter CATESBY*

*Cate* Many good morrows to my noble lord !

*Hast* Good morrow, Catesby, you are early stirring

What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

*Cate* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord,  
And I believe 'twill never stand upright

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm

*Hast* How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean the crown ?

*Cate* Ay my good lord

*Hast* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders

Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

*Cate* Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof

And thereupon he sends you this good news,—

That this same very day your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret

*Hast* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still my adversaries

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows I will not do it, to the death

*Cate* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

*Hast* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,

That they who brought me in my master's hate

I live to look upon their tragedy

I tell thee, Catesby,—

*Cate* What, my lord?

*Hast* Ere a fortnight make me older,  
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

*Cate* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepared and look not for it

*Hast* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls  
it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard and to Buckingham

*Cate* The princes both make high account of  
you,—

[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge

*Hast* I know they do, and I have well de-  
served it

*Enter LORD STANLEY*

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man!  
Fear you the boar and go so unprovided?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow,—good morrow,  
Catesby —

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I

*Hast* My lord,  
I hold my life as dear as you do yours,  
And never in my life I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stan* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode  
from London,

Were jocund, and supposed their state were sure,—  
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust.

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast  
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward —

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

*Hast* Come, come, have with you Wot you  
what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded

*Stan* They, for their truth, might better wear  
their heads

Than some that have accused them wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let us away

*Enter a Pursuant*

*Hast.* Go on before, I'll talk with this good  
fellow [*Exeunt* STANLEY and CATESBY

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

*Purs* The better that your lordship please to ask.

*Hast* I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now  
Than when I met thee last where now we meet

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies,

But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was

*Purs* God hold it, to your honour's good content!

*Hast* Gramercy, fellow there, drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse*

*Purs* God save your lordship! [*Exit*

*Enter a Priest*

*Priest* Well met, my lord, I am glad to see  
your honour.

*Hast* I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my  
heart

I'm in your debt for your last exercise,  
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.  
[*He whispers in his ear*]

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM

*Buck* What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest,  
Your honour hath no shiving work in hand

*Hast* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
Those men you talk of came into my mind.—  
What, go you toward the Tower?

*Buck* I do, my lord, but long I cannot stay  
there

I shall return before your lordship thence

*Hast* 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck* [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou  
know'st it not —

Come, will you go?

*Hast* I'll wait upon your lordship [*Exeunt*].

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SCENE III.—Pomfret Castle.

*Enter* Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF, with halberds, carrying RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to death.

*Riv* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty

*Grey* God keep the prince from all the pack of  
you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vaug* You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter

*Rat* Dispatch, the limit of your lives is out

*Riv* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hacked to death,

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink

*Grey* Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

For standing by when Richard stabbed her son

*Riv* Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she  
Buckingham,

Then cursed she Richard O, remember, God,

To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister and her princely sons,

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

*Rat* Make haste, the hour of death is expiate

*Riv* Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us all  
embrace

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE IV —London. A Room in the Tower

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of ELY*, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *with others*, at a table.

*Hast* My lords, at once the cause why we are  
met

Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak —when is the royal day?

*Buck* Are all things fitting for that royal time?

*Stan* It is, and wants but nomination

*Ely* To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day

*Buck* Who knows the lord protector's mind  
herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

*Ely* Your grace, we think, should soonest know  
his mind

*Buck* We know each other's faces, for our hearts,  
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,  
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine  
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love

*Hast* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well,  
But, for his purpose in the coronation,  
I have not sounded him, nor he delivered  
His gracious pleasure any way therein.  
But you, my noble lords, may name the time,  
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,  
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part

*Ely* In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

*Enter GLOSTER*

*Glo* My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.  
I have been long a sleeper, but, I trust,  
My absence doth neglect no great design,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck* Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,  
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—  
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king

*Glo* Than my Lord Hastings no man might be  
bolder,  
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well  
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there

I do beseech you send for some of them

*Ely* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart  
[*Exit*

*Glo* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you  
[*Drawing him aside*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

As he will lose his head ere give consent

His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne

*Buck* Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow  
you

[*Exit GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM following*

*Stan* We have not yet set down this day of  
triumph

To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden,

For I myself am not so well provided

As else I would be were the day prolonged

*Re-enter Bishop of ELY*

*Ely* Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster?

I have sent for these strawberries

*Hast* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth  
to-day,

There's some conceit or other likes him well

When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit

I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom

That can less hide his love or hate than he,

For by his face straight shall you know his heart

*Stan* What of his heart perceive you in his face  
By any likelihood he showed to-day?

*Hast* Marry, that with no man here he is  
offended,

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM*

*Glo* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence  
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be  
I say my lord, they have deserved death

*Glo* Then be your eyes the witness of this ill.  
See how I am bewitched! behold mine arm  
Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me

*Hast* If they have done this thing, my gracious  
lord,—

*Glo* If thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Tellest thou me of 'tis'? Thou art a traitor  
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear  
I will not dine until I see the same.  
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done  
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.*]

*Hast* Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this  
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm,  
But I disdained it, and did scorn to fly.  
Three times to day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And startled, when he looked upon the Tower,  
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house  
O, now I want the priest that spake to me  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,  
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,  
And I myself secure in grace and favour  
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

*Rat.* Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head

*Hast.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !  
Who builds his hopes in an of your fair looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep

*Lor.* Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to ex-  
claim

*Hast.* O bloody Richard ! miserable England !  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee  
That ever wretched age hath looked upon  
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head  
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE V —The Tower-walls

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour,  
marvellous ill-favoured*

*Glo.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change  
thy colour,  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then begin again, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror ?

*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;

Speak and look back, and pry on every side  
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
 Intending deep suspicion ghastly looks  
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles,  
 And both are ready in their offices,  
 At any time, to grace my stratagems.  
 But what, is Catesby gone?

*Glo* He is, and, see, he brings the mayor along

*Buck* Let me alone to entertain him

*Enter the Mayor and Catesby.*

Lord Mayor,—

*Glo* Look to the drawbridge there!

*Buck* Hark! a drum

*Glo* Catesby, o'erlook the walls

*Buck* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for  
 you—

*Glo* Look back, defend thee,—here no enemies

*Buck* God and our innocence defend and guard  
 us!

*Glo* Be patient they are friends,—Ratcliff and  
 Lovel

*Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.*

*Lov* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
 The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings

*Glo* So dear I loved the man, that I must weep  
 I took him for the plainest harmless creature  
 That breathed upon this earth a Christian,  
 Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
 The history of all her secret thoughts  
 So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue,  
 That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—  
 I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—

He lived from all attainder of suspect

*Buck* Well, well, he was the covert'st sheltered  
traitor

That ever lived

Would you imagine, or almost believe,—

Were 't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it you,—the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house

To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?

*May* What, had he so?

*Glo* What, think you we are Turks or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England and our persons' safety,

Enforced us to this execution?

*May* Now, fair befall you! he deserved his  
death,

And you, my good lords, both have well proceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts

I never looked for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore

*Glo* Yet had not we determined he should die

Until your lordship came to see his end,

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented

Because, my lord, we would have had you hear

The traitor speak, and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treason,

That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may

Misconstrue us in him and wail his death

*May* But, my good lord, your grace's word shall  
serve.

As well as I had seen and heard him speak :  
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our dutious citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this case

*Glo* And to that end we wished your lordship  
here,

To avoid the censures of the crying world

*Buck* But since you come too late of our intent,  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell

[Exit Lord Mayor.]

*Glo* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.—  
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.  
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying he would make his son  
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,  
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust,  
Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,  
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,  
Without controul, listed to make a prey  
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York  
My princely father then had wars in France,  
And, by just computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his begot,  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :  
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,  
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives

*Buck* Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator  
As if the golden fee for which I plead  
Were for myself and so, my lord, adieu

*Glo* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's  
Castle,

Where you shall find me well accompanied  
With reverend fathers and well-learnéd bishops

*Buck* I go, and towards three or four o'clock  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords

[*Exit*

*Glo* Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—  
[*To Cate*] Go thou to Friar Penker,—bid them  
both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,  
And to give notice, that no manner person  
Have any time recourse unto the princes

[*Exit*

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SCENE VI—The Same A Street

*Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand*

*Scriv* This is the indictment of the good Lord  
Hastings,

Which in a set hand fairly is engrossed,  
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together —  
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,  
The precedent was full as long a-doing  
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived.

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty  
 Here's a good world the while ' Why who's so  
 gross,

That cannot see this palpable device?  
 Yet who's so bold, but says he sees it not?  
 Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,  
 When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.  
 [Exit.]

Scene VII.—Court of Bynard's Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors*

*Glo* How now, how now! what say the citizens?

*Buck* Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,  
 The citizens are mum, say not a word.

*Glo* Touched you the bastardy of Edward's  
 children?

*Buck* I did, with this contract with Lady Lucy,  
 And his contract by deputy in France,  
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,  
 And his enforcement of the city wives;  
 His tyranny for trifles, his own bastardy,—  
 As being got, your father then in France,  
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke:  
 Withal I did infer your lineaments,—  
 Being the right idea of your father,  
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind;  
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility,  
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose  
 Untouched or slightly handled, in discourse:

And when mine oratory grew toward end.  
I bid them that did love their country's good  
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

*Glo.* And did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,  
Stared each on other. and looked deadly pale.  
Which when I saw. I reprehended them;  
And asked the mayor what meant this wilful  
silence:

His answer was, the people were not wont  
To be spoke to but by the recorder.  
Then he was urged to tell my tale again,  
'Thus saith the duke. thus hath the duke inferred,'  
But nothing spake in varrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
At lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,  
And some ten voices cried 'God save King  
Richard!'

And thus I took the vantage of those few,  
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;  
'This general applause and loving shout  
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard:'  
And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glo.* What tongueless blocks were they! would  
they not speak?

*Buck.* No, by my troth, my lord.

*Glo.* Will not the mayor then and his brethren  
come?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand. intend some fear,  
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit.  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;

True ornament to know a holy man —  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend favourable ears to our request,  
And pardon us the interruption

Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal

*Glo* My lord, there needs no such apology  
I rather do beseech you pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Neglect the visitation of my friends

But leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

*Buck* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God  
above,

And all good men of this ungoverned isle.

*Glo* I do suspect I have done some offence  
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance

*Buck* You have, my lord would it might  
please your grace,

At our entreaties, to amend that fault!

*Glo* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

*Buck* Know then, it is your fault that you resign  
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,  
The sceptered office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,  
The lineal glory of your royal house,  
To the corruption of a blemished stock  
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts—  
Which here we waken to our country's good—  
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs,  
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,  
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf  
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.  
Which to recure, we heartily solicit

Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land,—  
Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
Or lowly factor for another's gain,  
But as successively, from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this just suit come I to move your grace

*Glo* I cannot tell if to depart in silence  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof  
Best fitteth my degree or your condition  
If not to answer, you might haply think  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
Which fondly you would here impose on me;  
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
So seasoned with your faithful love to me,  
Then, on the other side, I checked my friends  
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,  
Definitively thus I answer you  
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert  
Unmeritable shuns your high request  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As the ripe revenue and due by birth,  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty and so many my defects,  
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,—  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smothered

But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,  
And much I need to help you, if need were,—  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign  
On him I lay what you would lay on me,—  
The right and fortune of his happy stars,  
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your  
grace,

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered  
You say that Edward is your brother's son.  
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife,  
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—  
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—  
And afterwards by substitute betrothed  
To Bona, sister to the King of France  
These both put by, a poor petitioner,  
A care-crazed mother of a many children,  
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
Seduced the pitch and height of his degree  
To base declension and loathed bigamy  
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.  
More bitterly could I expostulate,  
Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
I give a sparing limit to my tongue  
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
This proffered benefit of dignity,  
If not to bless us and the land withal,

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing time,  
Unto a lineal true-derived course

*May* Do, good, my lord; your citizens entreat  
you,

*Buck* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered  
love.

*Cate* O, make them joyful, grant their lawful  
suit!

*Glo.* Alas, why would you heap these cares  
on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty.—  
I do beseech you, take it not amiss,  
I cannot nor I will not yield to you

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,  
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,  
As well we know your tenderness of heart,  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
Which we have noted in you to your kin,  
And egally indeed to all estates,—

Yet whether you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,  
But we will plant some other in the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house  
And in this resolution here we leave you —  
Come, citizens — rounds, I'll entreat no more

*Glo* O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM with some of the Citizens*]

*Cate.* Call them again, sweet prince, accept their  
suit

If you deny them all the land will rue it

*Glo* Would you enforce me to a world of care?  
Call them again. [*CATISBY goes to the Mayor, &c.,  
and then exit.*] I am not made of stones,  
D—196

But penetrable to your kind entreats,  
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY, the Mayor, &c.,  
coming forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,  
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load :  
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;  
For God He knows, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

*May* God bless your grace ! we see it, and will  
say it.

*Glo* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buck* Then I salute you with this kingly title :  
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king !

*May and Cit* Amen

*Buck.* To morrow may it please you to be  
crowned ?

*Glo* Even when you please, since you will have  
it so

*Buck.* To-morrow, then, we will attend your  
grace

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

*Glo* Come, let us to our holy task again.—

Farewell, good cousin,—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV

SCENE I — London. Before the Tower

*Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquess of DORSET, on the other, ANNE, Duchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter*

*Duch* Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet.

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?  
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes  
Daughter, well met.

*Anne* God give youi graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day!

*Q Eliz* As much to you, good sister! Whither  
away?

*Anne* No farther than the Tower, and, as I  
guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there

*Q Eliz* Kind sister, thanks we'll enter all  
together

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes

*Enter BRAKENBURY*

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

*Brak* Right well, dear madam By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them,

The king hath straitly charged the contrary

*Q Eliz* The king ! who 's that ?

*Brak* I mean the lord protector

*Q Eliz* The Lord protect him from that kingly title !

Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?

I am then mother , who shall bar me from them ?

*Duch* I am their father's mother , I will see them

*Anne* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother

Then bring me to their sights , I'll bear thy blame

And take thy office from thee, on my peril

*Brak* No, madam, no,—I may not leave it so  
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me

[*Exit*]

*Enter STANLEY*

*Stan* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,

And reverend looker on, of two fair queens

[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crownéd Richard's royal queen.

*Q Eliz* Ah, cut my lace in sunder,

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news !

*Anne* Despiteful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

*Dor* Be of good cheer —mother, how fares your grace ?

*Q Eliz* O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence !

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels ,

Thy mother's name is ominous to children  
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell  
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,  
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,  
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—  
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen

*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsel,  
madam —

Take all the swift advantage of the hours,  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery !—  
O my accurséd womb, the bed of death !  
A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,  
Whose unvoided eye is murderous

*Stan.* Come, madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I in all unwillingness will go —  
I would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,  
And die, ere men can say God save the queen !

*Q Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,  
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm

*Anne.* No ! why ?—When he that is my husband  
now

Came to me, as I followed Henry's corse,  
When scarce the blood was well washed from his  
hands

Which issued from my other angel husband  
And that dead saint which then I weeping fol-  
lowed.

O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,  
This was my wish, — 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accused,

For making me, so young, so old a widow !  
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;  
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—

As miserable by the life of thee  
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !'

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words  
And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse,  
Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from rest,  
For never yet one hour in his bed

Have I enjoyed the golden dew of sleep,  
But have been waked by his tedious dreams.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me

*Q Eliz* Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining

*Anne* No more than from my soul I mourn for yours

*Q Eliz* Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory !

*Anne* Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

*Duch* [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee !

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee !

[*To Queen Eliz*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !  
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each bears us wracked with a we k of teen  
*Q. Rich.* Stay, yet hold back with me unto the  
 tower

*Plz.* you are our sons, the tender babes  
 When each hath surrounded with your walls,  
 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!  
 Laid round me, old sull'n playfellow  
 For to me you are, as my child well  
 So soon's he'll grow, as your stones firm wall

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—London. A Room of State in the  
 Palace

*Enter* RICHARD, *Lord of* BUCKINGHAM,  
*Carl. M., a Page, and others*

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart—*Countess of* Bricking-  
 ham—

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign!

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand [*descendeth the  
 throne*] Thus high, by thy advice

And my assistance is King Richard seated,  
 But shall we wear these honours for a day?  
 Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

*Buck.* Still live they and for ever let them last!

*K. Rich.* O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,  
 To try if thou be current gold indeed—  
 Young Edward lives—think now what I would  
 speak

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be  
 king

*Buck* Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

*K Rich* Ha! am I king? 't is so —but Edward  
lives

*Buck* True, noble prince

*K Rich* O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live! 'True, noble  
prince! —

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull

Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead,

And I would have it suddenly performed

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure

*K Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness  
freezes

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little pause,  
my lord,

Before I positively speak herein

I will resolve your grace immediately [Exit.

*Cate* [Aside to a stander-by] The king is angry:  
see, he bites the lip

*K Rich* I will converse with iron-witted fools

[Descends from his throne.

And unrespective boys none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect —  
Boy! —

*Page* My lord?

*K Rich* Know'st thou not any whom corrupting  
gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

*Page* My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind.  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing

*K Rich* What is his name?

*Page* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel

*K Rich* I partly know the man go, call him  
hither [Exit Page

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels

Hath he so long held out with me untired

And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so

*Enter STANLEY*

How now! what news with you?

*Stan* My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's  
fled

To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas

Where he abides [Stands apart

*K Rich* Come hither, Catesby! Rumour it  
abroad

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter,—

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him —

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out

That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die

About it, for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me

[Exit CATESBY

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass—

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

*Tyr* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient  
subject

*K Rich* Art thou, indeed?

*Tyr* Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

*K Rich* Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of  
mine?

*Tyr* Ay, my lord.

But I had rather kill two enemies

*K Rich* Why, there thou hast it: two deep  
enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon —

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr* Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them

*K Rich* Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come  
hither, Tyrrel

Go, by this token — rise, and lend thine ear.

[*Whispers*

There is no more but so — say it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it

*Tyr* 'T is done, my gracious lord

*K Rich* Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we  
sleep?

*Tyr* Ye shall, my lord

[*Exit*

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM*

*Buck* My lord, I have considered in my mind  
The late demand that you did sound me in.

*K Rich* Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to  
Richmond

*Buck.* I hear that news, my lord

*K Rich* Stanley, he is your wife's son —well,  
look to it

*Buck.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due by  
promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawned,  
'Th' earldom of Hereford and the moveables  
The which you promised I should possess

*K Rich* Stanley, look to your wife if she  
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it

*Buck* What says your highness to my just  
demand?

*K Rich* As I remember, Henry the Sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy  
A king!—perhaps,—

*Buck* My lord!—

*K Rich* How chance the prophet could not at  
that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*K Rich* Richmond!—when last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,  
And called it Rougemont at which name I started,  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck* My lord!—

*K Rich* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buck* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promised me

*K Rich* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck* Upon the stroke of ten

*K. Rich* Well, let it strike

*Buck* Why let it strike?

*K Rich* Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st  
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation  
I am not in the giving vein to-day

*Buck* Why, then resolve me whether you will  
or no

*K Rich* Thou troublest me; I am not in the  
vein [Excunt all but BUCKINGHAM

*Buck* Is it even so? rewards he my true service  
With such contempt? made I him king for this?  
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [Exit

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SCENE III — Another Room in the Palace.

Enter TYRREL

*Tyr* The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,—  
The most arch act of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,  
Although they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,  
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story  
'Lo thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes:  
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another  
Within their innocent alabaster arms.  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,

Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my  
mind,  
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopped,  
Whilst Dighton thus told on —' We smotheréd  
The most replenished sweet work of nature  
That from the prime creation e'er she framed '  
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
They could not speak, and so I left them both,  
To bring this tidings to the bloody king —  
And here he comes

*Enter King RICHARD*

All health, my sovereign liege!

*K Rich* Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

*Tyr* If to have done the thing you gave in  
charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done

*K Rich* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr* I did, my lord

*K Rich* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know

*K Rich* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,  
When thou shalt tell the process of their death  
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

[*Exit TYRREL*

The son of Clarence have I pent up close,  
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage,  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.  
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,  
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer

*Enter CATSBY*

*Cate* My lord,—

*K Rich* Good news or bad, that thou com'st in  
so bluntly ?

*Cate* Bad news, my lord Ely is fled to Rich-  
mond,

And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welsh-  
men,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth

*K Rich* Ely with Richmond troubles me more  
near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength  
Come,—I have learned that fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay,

Delay leads impotent and snail paced beggary :

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !

Come, muster men my counsel is my shield,

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV —Before the Palace

*Enter Queen MARGARET*

*Q Mar* So, now prosperity begins to mellow  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death  
Here in these confines shily have I lurked,  
To watch the waning of mine enemies  
A dire induction am I witness to,  
And will to France, hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical —  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret who comes  
here?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK*

*Q Eliz* Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender  
babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air  
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings  
And hear your mother's lamentation!

*Q Mar [Aside]* Hover about her, say, that  
right for right

Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night

*Duch* So many miseries have crazed my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Q Mar [Aside]* Plantagenet doth quit Plan-  
tagenet,  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt

*Q Eliz* Wilt Thou, O God, fly from such gentle  
lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst Thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

*Q Mar [Aside]* When holy Harry died, and  
my sweet son

*Duch* Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living  
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life  
usurped,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

*[Sitting down]*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood !

*Q Eliz* Ah, that thou wouldst as well afford a  
grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat !

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but I ?

[*Sitting down by her*

*Q Mar* [*Coming forward*] If ancient sorrow be  
most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand

If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine —

I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him ,

I had a Harry, till a Richard killed him

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him ,

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him

*Duch* I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill  
him ,

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him

*Q Mar* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard  
killed him

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death .

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood ;

That foul defacer of God's handiwork ,

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in gall'd eyes of weeping souls,—

'Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves —

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank Thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !

*Duch* O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes !  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine

*Q Mar.* Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that stabbed my Edward,  
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,

Young York he is but boot, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my loss

Thy Clarence he is dead that killed my Edward,  
And the beholders of this tragic play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
Untimely smothered in their dusky graves

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls

And send them thither —but at hand, at hand,  
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
To have him suddenly conveyed away

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

*Q Eliz* O, thou didst prophesy the time would  
come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse

That bottled spider, that foul bunch-backed toad !

*Q Mar* I called thee then, vain flourish of my  
fortune,

I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen,  
The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a dreeful pageant,

One heaved a-high, to be hurled down below,

A mother only mocked with two sweet babes,

A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A sign of dignity, a garish flag

To be the aim of every dangerous shot,  
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene  
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?  
 Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?  
 Who sues to thee, and cries, 'God save the queen'?  
 Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?  
 Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?  
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow,  
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name,  
 For queen, a very catfish crowned with care,  
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues,  
 For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me,  
 For one being feared of all, now fearing one,  
 For one commanding all, obeyed of none.  
 Thus hath the course of justice wheeled about,  
 And left thee but a very prey to time  
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,  
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not  
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?  
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke  
 From which even here I slip my weary neck,  
 And leave the burden of it all on thee  
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-  
 chance —

These English woes will make me smile in France.

*Q Eliz* O thou well skilled in curses, stay awhile,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

*Q Mar* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day,

Compare dead happiness with living woe,  
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is  
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse  
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse

*Q Eliz* My words are dull, O, quicken them  
with thine !

*Q Mar* Thy woes will make them sharp, and  
pierce like mine *[Exit*

*Duch* Why should calamity be full of words ?

*Q Eliz* Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
Airy succeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries !  
Let them have scope though what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart

*Duch* If so, then be not tongue-tied go with  
me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smothered  
I hear his drum.—be copious in exclams

*Enter King RICHARD, marching, with drums and  
trumpets*

*K Rich* Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

*Duch* O, she that might have intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accurséd womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast  
done !

*Q Eliz* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden  
crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers ?  
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?

*Duch* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy  
brother Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

*Q Elz* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,  
Grey?

*Duch* Where is kind Hastings?

*K Rich* A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,  
drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed strike, I say!

[*Flourish Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations

*Duch* Art thou my son?

*K Rich* Ay, I thank God, my father, and  
yourself

*Duch* Then patiently hear my impatience

*K Rich* Madam, I have a touch of your  
condition,

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof

*Duch* O, let me speak!

*K Rich* Do then, but I'll not hear

*Duch* I will be mild and gentle in my words.

*K Rich* And brief, good mother, for I am in  
haste

*Duch* Art thou so hasty? I have stayed for thee,  
God knows, in torment and in agony

*K Rich* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Duch* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it  
well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy,

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and  
furious

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,  
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, bloody,  
treacherous,

More mild, but yet more harmful,—kind in hatred  
What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
That ever graced me in thy company?

*K Rich* Faith, none, but Humphrey Houi, that  
called your grace

To breakfast once forth of my company  
If I be so disgracious in your eye,  
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam  
Strike up the drum

*Duch* I prithee, hear me speak.

*K Rich* You speak too bitterly

*Duch* Hear me a word,  
For I shall never speak to thee again

*K Rich* So

*Duch* Either thou 'lt die, by God's just ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,  
And never look upon thy face again

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse,  
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more  
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!  
My prayers on the adverse party fight,  
And there the little souls of Edward's children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
And promise them success and victory,  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end,  
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend

[Exit

*Q Eliz* Though far more cause, yet much less  
spirit to curse

Abides in me, I say amen to all

[Going.

*K Rich* Stay, madam, I must speak a word  
with you

*Q Eliz* I have no more sons of the royal blood  
For thee to murder for my daughters, Richard,—  
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens,  
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K Rich* You have a daughter called Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious

*Q Eliz* And must she die for this? O let her  
live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,  
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,  
Throw over her the veil of infamy  
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter

*K Rich* Wrong not her birth, she is of royal  
blood

*Q Eliz* To save her life, I'll say she is not so

*K Rich* Her life is safest only in her birth

*Q Eliz* And only in that safety died her  
brothers

*K Rich* Lo, at their births good stars were  
opposite

*Q Eliz* No, to their lives bad friends were  
contrary

*K Rich* All unavoids is the doom of destiny

*Q Eliz* True, when avoided grace makes destiny—  
My babes were destined to a fairer death,  
If grace had blessed thee with a fairer life

*K Rich* You speak as if that I had slain my  
cousins

*Q Eliz* Cousins, indeed, and by their uncle  
cozened

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanced then tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction  
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt  
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs  
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys  
Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes,  
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom

*K Rich* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours  
Than ever you or yours were by me wronged!

*Q Eliz* What good is covered with the face of  
heaven,  
To be discovered, that can do me good?

*K Rich* The advancement of your children,  
gentle lady

*Q Eliz* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their  
heads?

*K Rich* No, to the dignity and height of honour,  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory

*Q Eliz* Flatter my sorrows with report of it,  
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,  
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

*K Rich* Even all I have, yea, and myself and all,  
Will I withal endow a child of thine,  
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs  
Which thou supposest I have done to thee

*Q. Eliz* Be brief, lest that the process of thy  
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date

*K Rich* Then know, that from my soul I love  
thy daughter

*Q Eliz* My daughter's mother thinks it with  
her soul

*K Rich* What do you think?

*Q Eliz* That thou dost love my daughter from  
thy soul

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,  
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it

*K Rich* Be not so hasty to confound my mean-  
ing

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
And do intend to make her queen of England

*Q Eliz* Say then, who dost thou mean shall be  
her king?

*K Rich* Even he that makes her queen, who  
else should be?

*Q Eliz* What, thou?

*K Rich* Even I—what think you of it, madam?

*Q Eliz* How canst thou woo her?

*K Rich* That would I learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour

*Q Eliz* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K Rich* Madam, with all my heart

*Q Eliz* Send to her, by the man that slew her  
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts, thereon engraven

'Edward and York,' then haply will she weep

Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret

Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood,—

A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain

The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,

And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal

If this inuolunt force her not to love,  
Send her a story of thy noble deeds,  
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,  
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne  
*K. Rich.* You moel me, madam, this is not the  
way

To win your daughter

*Q. Eliz.* There's no other way,  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this

*K. Rich.* Say that I did all this for love of her

*Q. Eliz.* Nay then indeed she cannot choose but  
hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be now  
amended

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after hours give leisure to repent  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter  
If I have killed the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter  
A grandam's name is little less in love  
Than is the doting title of a mother,  
They are as children but one step below,  
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;  
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans  
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow  
Your children were vexation to your youth,  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age  
The loss you have is but a son being king,  
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,  
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.  
 Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul  
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
 To high promotions and great dignity  
 The king, that calls you beauteous daughter wife,  
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother,  
 Again shall you be mother to a king,  
 And all the ruins of distressful times  
 Repaired with double riches of content  
 What! we have many goodly days to see  
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
 Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl,  
 Advantaging their loan with interest  
 Of ten times double gain of happiness  
 Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go,  
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience,  
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale,  
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
 Of golden sovereignty, acquaint the princess  
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys  
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
 The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,  
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come  
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed,  
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar

*Q Elizabeth* What were I best to say? her father's  
 brother

Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?  
 Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?  
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,  
 That God, the law, my honour and her love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

*K Rich* Infer fair England's peace by this  
alliance

*Q Eliz* Which she shall purchase with still  
lasting war

*K Rich* Tell her the king, that may command,  
entreats

*Q Eliz* That at her hands which the king's King  
forbids

*K Rich* Say, she shall be a high and mighty  
queen

*Q Eliz* To wail the title, as her mother doth

*K Rich* Say, I will love her everlastingly

*Q Eliz* But how long shall that title 'ever'  
last?

*K Rich* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end

*Q Eliz* But how long fairly shall her sweet life  
last?

*K Rich* So long as heaven and nature lengthen  
it

*Q Eliz* So long as hell and Richard like of it

*K Rich* Say I, her sovereign, am her subject  
love

*Q Eliz* But she, your subject, loathes such  
sovereignty

*K Rich* Be eloquent in my behalf to her

*Q Eliz* An honest tale speeds best being plainly  
told

*K Rich* Then in plain terms tell her my loving  
tale

*Q Eliz* Plain and not honest is too harsh a  
style

*K Rich* Your reasons are too shallow and too  
quick.

*Q Eliz* O no, my reasons are too deep and  
dead,

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave

*K Rich* Harp not on that string, madam, that  
is past

*Q Eliz* Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings  
break

*K Rich* Now, by my George, my garter, and  
my crown,—

*Q Eliz* Profaned, dishonoured, and the third  
usurped

*K Rich* I swear—

*Q Eliz* By nothing, for this is no oath.  
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour,  
The garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue,  
The crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.  
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,  
Swear then by something that thou hast not  
wronged

*K Rich* Now, by the world—

*Q Eliz* 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.

*K Rich* My father's death—

*Q Eliz* Thy life hath that dishonoured

*K Rich* Then, by myself—

*Q Eliz* Thyself is self misused

*K Rich* Why then, by God—

*Q Eliz* God's wrong is most of all  
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,  
The unity the king thy brother made  
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain  
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,  
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,  
Had graced the tender temples of my child,  
And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, too tender bedfellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms  
What canst thou swear by now?

*K. Rich*

The time to come

*Q. Eliz* That thou hast wronged in the time  
o'erpast,

For I myself have many tears to wash  
Hereafter time, for time past wronged by thee  
The children live, whose parents thou hast  
slaughtered,  
Ungoverned youth, to wail it in their age,  
The parents live, whose children thou hast  
butchered,

Old withered plants to wail it with their age  
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast  
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast

*K. Rich* As I intend to prosper and repent,  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile aims! myself myself confound!  
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!  
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,  
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!  
In her consists my happiness and thine,  
Without her, follows to this land and me,  
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,  
Death, desolation, ruin and decay  
It cannot be avoided but by this,  
It will not be avoided but by this  
Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so—  
Be the attorney of my love to her  
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :  
 Urge the necessity and state of times,  
 And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

*Q Eliz* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

*K Rich* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q Eliz* Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

*K Rich* Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong  
 yourself

*Q Eliz* But thou didst kill my children

*K Rich* But in your daughter's womb I'll  
 bury them

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed  
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture

*Q Eliz* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

*K Rich* And be a happy mother by the deed

*Q Eliz* I go — Write to me very shortly,  
 And you shall understand from me her mind

*K Rich* Bear her my true love's kiss, and so  
 farewell

[*Exit Queen ELIZABETH*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

*Enter RATCLIFF, CATESBY following*

How now ! what news ?

*Rat* My gracious sovereign, on the western  
 coast

Rideth a puissant navy, to the shore  
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
 Unarmed, and unresolved to beat them back  
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral,  
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore

*K Rich* Some night-foot friend post to the Duke  
 of Norfolk —

Ratcliff, thyself, — or Catesby ; where is he ?



White-livered runagate, what doth he there?

*Stan* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by  
guess

*K Rich* Well, as you guess?

*Stan* Stirred up by Doiset, Buckingham, and  
Ely,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown

*K Rich* Is the chair empty? is the sword un-  
swayed?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossessed?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

*Stan* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess

*K Rich* Unless for that he comes to be your  
liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear

*Stan*. No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me  
not.

*K Rich* Where is thy power, then, to beat him  
back?

Where are thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stan*. No, my good lord, my friends are in the  
north

*K Rich* Cold friends to Richard, what do they  
in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the  
west?

*Stan*. They have not been commanded, mighty  
king

Please it your majesty to give me leave,



Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
 Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered.  
 And he himself wandered away alone,  
 No man knows whither

*K. Rich* O, I give thee mercy.  
 There is my purse to cure that blow of thine  
 Hath any well advised friend proclaimed  
 Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

*Third Mess* Such proclamation hath been made,  
 my liege.

*Enter a fourth Messenger*

*Fourth Mess* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord  
 Marquis Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms  
 Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,  
 The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest  
 Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
 Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks  
 If they were his assistants, yea or no;  
 Who answered him they came from Buckingham  
 Upon his party he, mistrusting them,  
 Hoist sail and made away for Brittany

*K. Rich* March on, march on, since we are up  
 in arms,  
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home

*Re-enter CATLBY*

*Cate* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is  
 taken,—

That is the best news that the Earl of Richmond  
 Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
 Is colder tidings yet they must be told

*K Rich* Away towards Salisbury! while we  
reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost —  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me  
[*Flourish* *Exeunt*]

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## SCENE V — LORD DERBY'S HOUSE.

*Enter* STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK

*Stan.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from  
me —

That in the sty of this most bloody boar  
My son George Stanley is franked up in hold:  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head,  
The fear of that withholds my present aid  
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Chris* At Pembroke, or at Ha'ford-west in  
Wales

*Stan* What men of name resort to him?

*Chris* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,  
Sir Gilbert Talbot and Sir William Stanley,  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,  
And many more of noble fame and worth  
And towards London they do bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withal

*Stan* Return unto thy lord, commend me to him:  
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented  
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter  
These letters will resolve him of my mind

[*Giving letters.*]

Farewell.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT V

SCENE I —Salisbury An open place

*Enter the Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, with halberds,  
led to execution**Buck* Will not King Richard let me speak  
with him?*Sher* No, my good lord, therefore be patient*Buck* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,  
Grey,*Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,—  
If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—  
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?**Sher* It is, my lord*Buck* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's  
doomsday *death**This is the day that, in King Edward's time,  
I wished might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children or his wife's allies,  
This is the day wherein I wished to fall  
By the false faith of him I trusted most,  
This, this All Souls' day to my fearful soul  
Is the determined respite of my wrongs  
That high All-Seer that I dalted with  
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head  
And given in earnest what I begged in jest  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.*

Now Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—  
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with  
sorrow,  
Remember Margaret was a prophetess'—  
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame,  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.  
[*Exeunt*

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SCENE II —The Camp near Tamworth

*Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir  
WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces,  
marching*

*Richm* Fellows in arms, and my most loving  
friends,

Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we marched on without impediment,  
And here receive we from our father Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement  
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,  
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
trough

In your embowelled bosoms, this foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends.  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war

*Oxf* Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,  
To fight against this guilty homicide

*Herb* I doubt not but his friends will turn to us

*Blunt* He hath no friends but what are friends  
for fenn,

Which in his dearest need will shrink from him

*Richm* All for our vantage Then, in God's  
name, march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings

[*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III — Bosworth Field

*Enter King RICHARD, and Forces, the Duke of  
NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and others*

*K Rich* Here pitch our tents, even here in  
Bosworth field —

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

*Sur* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks

*K Rich* My Lord of Norfolk, —

*Nor* Here, most gracious liege

*K Rich* Norfolk, we must have knocks, ha!  
must we not?

*Nor* We must both give and take, my loving  
lord.

*K Rich* Up with my tent! [*Soldiers begin to set  
up the King's tent*] Here will I lie to-night,

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that  
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

*Nor* Six or seven thousand is their utmost  
power

*K Rich* Why, our battalia trebles that account.  
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,  
Which they upon the adverse party want —

Up with the tent — Come, noble gentlemen,  
 Let us survey the vantage of the ground, —  
 Call for some men of sound direction —  
 Let's want no discipline, make no delay,  
 For, lords, to morrow is a busy day [Exeunt

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir  
 WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and others Some  
 of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent*

*Richm* The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car,  
 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow —  
 Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard —  
 Give me some ink and paper in my tent  
 I'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
 Limit each leader to his several charge,  
 And part in just proportion our small power —  
 My Lord of Oxford, — you, Sir William Brandon —  
 And you, Sir Walter Herbert, — stay with me —  
 The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment —  
 Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,  
 And by the second hour in the morning  
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent  
 Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me, —  
 Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know?

*Blunt* Unless I have mista'en his colours much —  
 Which well I am assured I have not done, —  
 His regiment lies half a mile at least  
 South from the mighty power of the king

*Richm* If without peril it be possible,  
 Sweet Blunt, make some good messengers to speak with  
 him,

And give him from me this most needful scioil

*Blunt* Upon my life, my lord I'll undertake it,

And so, God give you quiet rest to night !

*Rich* Good night, good Captain Blunt [*Exit  
Blunt*] Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business

In to my tent, the air is raw and cold

[*They withdraw into the tent*]

*Re-enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK,  
RATCLIFF, CATESBY, and others*

*K Rich* What is't o'clock ?

*Cate* It's supper-time, my lord,

It's nine o'clock

*K Rich* I will not sup to-night

Give me some ink and paper

What, is my beaver easier than it was ?

And all my armour laid into my tent ?

*Cate* It is, my liege, and all things are in readiness

*K Rich* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,  
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor* I go, my lord

*K Rich* Stir with the lack to morrow, gentle  
Norfolk

*Nor* I warrant you, my lord [*Exit.*]

*K Rich* Catesby !

*Cate* My lord ?

*K Rich* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment, bid him bring his power  
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night

[*Exit CATESBY*]

Fill me a bowl of wine — Give me a watch —

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow —

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy —

Ratcliff,—

*Rat* My lord?

*K Rich* Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord  
Northumberland?

*Rat* Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers

*K Rich* So, I am satisfied — Give me a bowl of  
wine

I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

[*Wine brought*  
Set it down Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat* It is, my lord.

*K Rich* Bid my guard watch, leave me Ratcliff,  
About the mid of night come to my tent  
And help to aim me — Leave me, I say

[*Exeunt RATCLIFF and the other Attendants*

*Enter STANLEY to RICHMOND in his tent, Lords and  
others attending*

*Stan* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm* All comfort that the dark night can afford  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!  
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

*Stan* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
Who plays continually for Richmond's good  
So much for that — The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east  
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war  
I, as I may,—that which I would I cannot.—



[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond, for the  
 wrongéd souls  
 Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf  
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee

*The Ghost of HENRY VI rises*

*Ghost of K H* [*To Richard*] When I was mortal,  
 my anointed body  
 By thee was punched full of deadly holes  
 Think on the Tower and me —despair, and die !  
 Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die !—  
 [*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou con-  
 queror !  
 Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,  
 Doth comfort thee in sleep live thou, and flourish !

*The Ghost of CLARENCE rises*

*Ghost of C* [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on  
 thy soul to-morrow,  
 I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine,  
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death !  
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
 And fall thy edgeless sword —despair, and die !—  
 [*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of  
 Lancaster,  
 The wrongéd heirs of York do pray for thee  
 Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

*The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise*

*Ghost of R* [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on  
 thy soul to-morrow,  
 Rivers, that died at Pomfret !—despair, and die !  
*Ghost of G* [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and  
 let thy soul despair !

*Ghost of V* [To Richard] Think upon Vaughan,  
and, with guilty fear,  
Let fall thy lance —despair, and die !

*All* [To Richmond] Awake, and think our  
wrongs in Richard's bosom  
Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

*The Ghost of Hastings rises*

*Ghost of H* [To Richard] Bloody and guilty,  
guiltily awake,  
And in a bloody battle end thy days !  
Think on Lord Hastings —so—despair, and die !—  
[To Richmond] Quiet untroubled soul, awake,  
awake !  
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

*The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise*

*Ghosts of the two P* [To Richard] Dream on thy  
cousins smothered in the Tower  
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !  
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die —  
[To Richmond] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,  
and wake in joy ,  
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !  
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !  
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises*

*Ghost of Q A* [To Richard] Richard, thy wife,  
that wretched Anne thy wife,  
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations .  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword —despair, and die !  
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet  
sleep ,  
Dream of success and happy victory !  
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee

*The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises*

*Ghost of B* [*To Richard*] The first was I that  
helped thee to the crown ,  
The last was I that felt thy tyranny  
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,  
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !  
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death  
Fainting, despair, despairing, yield thy breath !—  
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend  
thee aid  
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed  
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ,  
And Richard falls in height of all his pride

*The Ghosts vanish King RICHARD starts out of  
his dream*

*K Rich* Give me another horse,—bind up my  
wounds,—  
Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream —  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !—  
The lights burn blue —It is now dead midnight.  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh  
What do I fear ? Myself ? There's none else by  
Richard loves Richard , that is, I am I  
Is there a murderer here ? No,—Yes, I am  
Then fly What, from myself ? Great reason  
why,—  
Lest I revenge myself upon myself

Alack, I love myself Wherefore? for any good  
 That I myself have done unto myself?  
 O, no! alas, I rather hate myself  
 For hateful deeds committed by myself!  
 I am a villain yet I lie, I am not  
 Fool, of thyself speak well — fool, do not flatter  
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
 And every tale condemns me for a villain  
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,  
 Murder, stern murder, in the dirtiest degree,  
 All several sins, all used in each degree,  
 Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty! guilty!'—  
 I shall despair There is no creature loves me;  
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me  
 Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself  
 Find in myself no pity to myself?

*Re enter RATCLIFF*

*Rat* My lord,—

*K Rich* Who's there?

*Rat* My lord, 'tis I The early village-cock  
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn,  
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour

*K Rich* O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful  
 dream!

What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all  
 true?

*Rat* No doubt, my lord

*K Rich* O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—  
 Methought the souls of all that I had murdered  
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard

*Rat* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows

*K Rich* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
Arméd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond  
It is not yet near day Come, go with me,  
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To see if any mean to shrink from me [*Exeunt*

*Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent*

*Lords* Good morrow, Richmond !

*Richm* Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here

*Lords* How have you slept, my lord ?

*Richm* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding  
dreams

That ever entered in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords  
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard  
murdered,

Came to my tent, and cried on victory  
I promise you, my soul is very jocund  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream  
How far into the morning is it, lords ?

*Lords* Upon the stroke of four

*Richm* Why, then 'tis time to arm and give  
direction [*He advances to the troops*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell on yet remember this,—  
God and our good cause fight upon our side,  
The prayers of holy saints and wrongéd souls,  
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our  
faces,  
Richard except, those whom we fight against



*Rat* That he was never trained up in arms,

*K Rich* He said the truth and what said  
Surrey then?

*Rat* He smiled and said 'The better for our  
purpose'

*K Rich* He was in the right, and so indeed  
it is [Clock striketh

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar —  
Who saw the sun to day?

*Rat* Not I, my lord

*K Rich* Then he disdains to shine, for by the  
book

He should have braved the east an hour ago

A black day will it be to somebody —

Ratiff,—

*Rat* My lord?

*K Rich* The sun will not be seen to-day,  
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army  
I would these dewy tears were from the ground  
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me  
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven  
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him

*Enter NORFOLK.*

*Nor* Arm, arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the  
field

*K Rich* Come, bustle, bustle,—caparison my  
horse —

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power  
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
And thus my battle shall be ordered  
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,  
Consisting equally of horse and foot,  
Our archers shall be placéd in the midst

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,  
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse  
They thus directed, we ourself will follow  
In the main battle, that on either side  
Shall be well wingéd with our chiefest horse.  
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st  
thou, Norfolk?

Nor A good direction, warlike sovereign —  
This found I on my tent this morning

[Giving a scroll]

K Rich [Reads] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too  
bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold'  
A thing devised by the enemy  
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls  
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our  
law

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell.  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell—  
[To his soldiers] What shall I say more than I  
have inferred?

Remember whom you are to cope withal,—  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways,  
A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants  
Whom their o'ercloyéd country vomits forth  
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.  
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest,  
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,  
They would distraín the one, distain the other  
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?  
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ,  
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,  
These famished beggars, weary of their lives,  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit  
For want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves  
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Bretons whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and  
thumped,

And on record, left them the heirs of shame  
Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?  
Ravish our daughters ?—[*Drum afar off*] Haik !

I hear their drum —

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !  
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ,  
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

*Enter a Messenger*

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power !

*Mess* My lord, he doth deny to come

*K Rich* Off with his son George's head !

*Nor* My lord, the enemy is past the marsh

After the battle let George Stanley die

*K Rich* A thousand hearts are great within my  
bosom

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ,  
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !  
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helmets. [*Exeunt*

## SCENE IV — Another Part of the Field

*Alarum excursions Enter NORFOLK and Forces fighting, to him CATESBY*

*Cate* Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!  
The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
Daring an opposite to every danger  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death  
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarums Enter King RICHARD*

*K Rich* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*Cate* Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse

*K Rich* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die  
I think there be six Richmonds in the field,  
Five have I slain to-day instead of him  
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field

*Alarum Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND, they fight RICHARD is slain Retreat and flourish Re-enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces*

*Richm* God and your arms be praised, victorious friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead

*Stan.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou  
acquitt thee

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal

Wear it enjoy it and make much of it

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say Amen to all !

But, tell me now, is young George Stanley living ?

*Stan.* He is my lord, and safe in Leicester town,

Whither, if it please you we may now withdraw us

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either  
side ?

*Stan.* John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord  
Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury and Sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter the r bodies as becomes their births

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us .

And then, as we have taken the sacrament,

We will unite the White Rose and the Red .

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction.

That long hath frowned upon their enmity !

What traitor hears me, and says not Amen ?

England hath long been mad, and scarred hers !!

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughtered his own son,

The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire division,

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together .

And let their heirs,—God, if Thy will be so,—

Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,  
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !  
Let them not live to taste this land's increase  
That would with treason wound this fair land's  
peace !

Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again  
That she may long live here, God say Amen !

*[Exeunt]*

# THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXT

[Continued from Vol No 192.]

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*Alarmes Enter WARWICK*

*War* Sore spent with toile as runners with the race,  
I lye me downe a litle while to breath,  
For strokes receiued, and manie blowes repaide,  
Hath robd my strong knit sinnewes of their strength.  
And force perforce needes must I rest my selfe

*Enter EDWARD*

*Edw* Smile gentle heauens or strike vngentle death,  
That we maie die vnlesse we gaine the daie  
What fatall starie malignant frownes from heauen  
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house?

*Enter GEORGE*

*George* Come brother, come lets to the field againe,  
For yet theres hope enough to win the daie  
Then let vs bucke to cheere our fainting Troupes,  
Lest they retire now we haue left the field

*War* How now my lords what hap, what hope of good?

*Enter RICHARD running*

*Rich* Ah Warwike, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe?  
Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,  
Cride still for Warwike his thrise valiant son,  
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,  
And manie wounds made in his aged brest,  
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede

He waft his hand to me and cride aloud  
 Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,  
 And still he cride Warwike reuenge my death,  
 And with those words he tumbled off his horse,  
 And so the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghost

*War* Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,  
 He kill my horse because I will not flie  
 And here to God of heauen I make a vow,  
 Neuer to passe from forth this bloudy field  
 Till I am full reuenged for his death

*Edw* Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,  
 And in that row now ioyne my soule to thee,  
 Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,  
 Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,  
 Or let vs die before we loose the daie

*George* Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers harts,  
 And call them pillers that will stand to vs,  
 And hie ly promise to remunerate  
 Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres

*Rich* Come, come awaie, and stand not to debate,  
 For yet is hope of fortune good enough  
 Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part  
 And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,  
 Where ere it be in heauen or in earth  
 Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,  
 To see these dire mishaps continue so  
 Warwike farewell

*War* Awaie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Alar mes, and then enter RICHARD at one doore and CLIFFORD  
 at the other*

*Rich* A Clifford a Clifford.

*Clif* A Richard a Richard.

*Rich* Now Clifford, for Yorke & young Rutlands death,

This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,  
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,  
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made

*Clif.* Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,  
This is the hand that stibd thy father Yorke,  
And this the hand that slow thy brother Rutland,  
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,  
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,  
To excute the like vpon thy selfe,  
And so haue at thee.

*Alar ies* They fight, and then enters WARWICK and *escues*  
RICHARD, & then exeunt omnes

*Alar mes* still, and then enter HERBES solus

*Her* Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,  
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,  
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,  
This woful battaile doth continue still,  
Now leaning this way, now to that side drue,  
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.  
O would my death might staie these euill iars!  
Would I had neuer rauid, nor nere bin king,  
Margret and Clifford, chide me from the fields,  
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence  
Would God that I were dead so all were well,  
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content  
To yeeld it them and hve a priuate life

*Enter a souldier with a dead man in his arme*

*Sould* Il blowes the wind that profits no bodie,  
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,  
Maie be possessed of some store of crowaes,  
And I will search to find them if I can,  
But stay Me thinkes it is my fathers face,  
Oh tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,

From London was I prest out by the king,  
 My father he came on the part of York,  
 And in this conflict I have slain my father.  
 Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,  
 And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

*Enter an other soldier with a dead man*

*2 Soul* Lie there thou that soughtst to win me stoutly,  
 Now let me see what store of good thou hast,  
 But as we me thinks this is no famous fall.  
 Oh no it is my sonne that I have slaine in fight,  
 O monstrous times begetting such events,  
 How cruel bloody, and irreligious,  
 This deathlie quarrell death doth beget,  
 Poore boy this rather gaine thee hast too late,  
 And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too soon.

*King* Wo above wo, griefe more then common griefe,  
 Whilst Lyons waire and battaile for their deys,  
 Poore Limos do feele the rigor of their wriths  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatall colours of our striving houses,  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,  
 For if you strue, ten thousand liues must perish.

*1 Soul* How will my mother for my fathers death,  
 Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

*2 Sol* How will my wife for slaughter of my son  
 Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

*King* How will the people now misdeeme their king,  
 Oh would my death then mindes could satisfie,

*1 Soul* Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to spil?

*2 Soul* Was euer father so unnaturall his son to kill?

*King* Was euer king thus greued and vexed still

*1 Soul* He beare thee hence from this accursed place,  
 For wo is me to see my fathers face

*[Exit with his father]*

2 *Son* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,  
For I haue murdered where I should not kill

*[Exit with his sonne]*

*K Hen* Woepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for tear,  
Here sits a king as woe begone as thee

*Alarmes and enter the Queene*

*Queen.* Awaie my Lord to Baiwicke presentlie,  
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,  
No hope is left for vs, th'efore awaie

*Inter prince EDWARD*

*Prince* Oh fithci sir, our men haue left the field,  
Take horse sweet father let vs saue our selues

*Inter EXETER*

*Exet* Awaie my Lord for vengeance comes along with  
him

Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,  
Or else come after, Ile awaie before

*K Hen* Naie staie good Exeter for Ile along with thee

*Enter CLIFFORD wounded, with an arrow in his necke*

*Clif* Heere burnes my candell out,  
That whilst it lasted gaue king Henry light  
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine ouerthrow,  
More then my bodies parting from my soule  
My loue and feare glude manie friends to thee,  
And now I die, that tough commixture melts  
Impairing Henry strengthened misproud Yorke,  
The common people swarme like summer flies,  
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun?  
And who shines now but Henries enemy?  
Oh Phœbus hadst thou neuer giuen consent,  
That Phaeton should checke thy fierie steeds,  
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.  
And Henry hadst thou lu'd as kings should doe,

And as thy father and his father did,  
 Giuing no foot vnto the house of Yorke,  
 I and ten thousand in this wofull land,  
 Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathea,  
 And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in perce  
 For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?  
 And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?  
 Bootlesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes,  
 No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,  
 The foe is mercesse and will not pittie me,  
 And at their hands I haue deseru'd no pittie  
 The aire is got into my bleeding woundes,  
 And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint.  
 Come Yorke and Richard, Warwike and the rest,  
 I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest

*Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and WARWIKE, and Souldiers*

*Edw* Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward  
 Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorie  
 Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,  
 That now towards Barwike doth poste amaine,  
 But thinke you that Clifford is fled awaie with them?

*War* No, tis impossible he should escape,  
 For though before his face I speake the words,  
 Your brother Richard markt him for the graue  
 And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

*[CLIFFORD grones and then dies]*

*Edw* Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy  
 leaue?

*Rich* A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure

*Edw* See who it is, and now the battailes ended,  
 Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed

*Rich* Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,  
 Who kild our tender brother Rutland,  
 And stabd our princehe father Duke of Yorke

*War* I rom off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the  
 Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there  
 Instead of that let him supplie the room  
 Measure for measure must be answered

*Edie* Bring forth that fatall scerichowle to our house,  
 That nothing sing to us but bloud and death  
 Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake

*War*. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft  
 Say Clifford, doost thou know who speakes to thee?  
 Dark cloudie death oreshades his beames of life  
 And he nor sees nor heares vs what we see

*Rich* Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth  
 And tis his policie that in the time of death,  
 He might auoid such bitter stormes as he  
 In his houre of death did giue vnto our father

*George*. Richard if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager  
 words

*Lie* Clifford, aske mercie and obtaine no grace

*Lau* Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence

*War* Clifford deuise excuses for thy fault

*George* Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault

*Rich* Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am sonne to Yorke

*Edie* Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee

*George* Wheres Captaine Margiret to fence you now?

*War* They mocke thee Clifford, swere as thou wast  
 wont

*Rich* What not an oth? Nay, then I know hees dead  
 Tis hard, when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath  
 By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,  
 Would this right hand buy but an howres life,  
 That I in all contemp might rule at him  
 Iae cut it off and with the issuing bloud,  
 Stifle the villaine whose instanced thirst,  
 Yorke and young Rutland could not satisfie

*War* I, but he is dead off with the traitors head

And reare it in the place your fathers stands  
 And now to London with triumphant march  
 There to be crowned Englands lawfull king  
 From thence shall Warwike crosse the seas to France,  
 And aske the ladie Bona for thy Queene,  
 So shalt thou sinew both these landes together,  
 And hauing France thy friend thou needst not dread,  
 The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe  
 And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
 Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares  
 First Ile see the coronation done,  
 And afterward Ile cross the seas to France,  
 'To effect this marriage if it please my Lord

*Edw* Euen as thou wilt good Warwike let it be  
 But first before we go, George kneele downe  
 We here create thee Duke of Clarence, and girt thee with  
 the sword

Our younger brother Richard Duke of Glocester  
 Warwike as my selfe shal do & vndo as him pleaseth best

*Rich* Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,  
 For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous

*Ifar* Tush thats a childish obseruation,  
 Richard be Duke of Gloster Now to London  
 To see these honors in possession *[Exeunt Omnes]*

*Enter two keepers with bou and arrows*

*Keeper* Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,  
 And by and by the decreere will come this waie  
 But staue, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while

*Enter king Henrie disguise*

*Hen* From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,  
 And thus disguise to greet my natue land  
 No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,  
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
 No humble suters sues to thee for right,

For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe?

*Keeper* I marrie sir, heere is a decie, his skinne is a  
Keepers fee Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,  
This is the king, king Edward hath deposde

*Hen* My Queene and sonne poore soules are gone to  
France, and as I heare the great commanding Warlike,  
To intreat a marriage with the ladie Bona,  
If this be true, poor Queene and sonne,  
Your labour is but spent in vaine,  
For Lewis is a prince soone wun with words,  
And Warlike is a subtile Orator  
He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,  
She weepes, and saies her Henry is deposde,  
He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,  
She on his left side crauing aide for Henry

*Keeper* What art thou that talkes of kings and queens?

*Hen* More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be  
A man at least, and more I cannot be,  
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?

*Keeper* I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy  
selfe

*Hen* Why so I am in mind though not in shew

*Keeper* And if thou be a king where is thy crowne?

*Hen* My crowne is in my hart, not on my head  
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that  
Kings doe seldome times enjoy

*Keeper* And if thou be a king crownd with content,  
Your crowne content and you, must be content  
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke  
You are our quondam king, K Edward hath deposde,  
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings  
To go along with vs vnto the officers

*Hen* Gods name be fulfilled, your kings name be  
Obayde, and be you kings, command and Ile obey

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Enter king EDWARD, CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, MONTAGUE, HASTINGS, and the Lady GRAY*

*K Edw* Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloucester,  
This ladies husband heere Sir Richard Gray  
At the battaile of saint Albones did lose his life,  
His lands then were seized on by the conqueror  
Her sute is now to repossesse those lauds,  
And sith in quarrel of the house of York  
The noble gentleman did lose his life,  
In honor we cannot denie her sute

*Glo* Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then

*K Edw* I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause

*Glo* I, is the winde in that doore?

*Clarence*, I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble sute

*Cla* He knows the game, how well he keeps the wind.

*K Edw* Widow come some other time to know our mind

*La* May it please your grice I cannot brooke delaiues,  
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now

*A Ed* Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this  
widowes wit

*Cla* I, good leaue haue you

*Glo* For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,  
And leaue you to your crouch

*K Ed* Come hither widdow, howe many children haue  
thou?

*Cla* I thinke he means to begge a child on her

*Glo* Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two

*Ia* Three my most gracious Lord

*Glo* You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him

*A Ed* Wer not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers  
lands?

*La* Be pittifull then dread L and grant it them

*K Ed* Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got

*Ld.* So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice

*K Ed* What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?

*La* Euen what your highnesse shall command

*Glo* Naie then widow He warrant you all your  
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he  
Commands Fight close or in good faith  
You catch a clap

*Cla* Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall

*Glo* Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then

*La* Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?

*K Ed* An easie taske, tis but to loue a king

*La* Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect

*K Ed* Why then thy husbandes landes I freele giue  
thee

*La* I take my leaue with manie thousand thankes

*Cla* The match is made, shee serles it with a cursie

*K Ed* Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke I  
sue so much to get?

*La* My humble seruice, such as subiects owes and the  
lawes commands

*K Ed* No by my troth, I meant no such loue,  
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee

*La* To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in  
prison

*K Edw* Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes  
landes

*La* Then mine honestie shall be my dower,  
For by that losse I will not purchase them

*K Ed* Herein thou wrongst thy children mightie

*La* Herein your highnesse wrongs both them and  
Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination  
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute

Please it your highnes to dismisse me either with I or no

*K Ed* I, if thou saie I to my request,

No, if thou saie no to my demand

*La* Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end

*Glo* The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.

*Cla* Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome

*K Ed* Her lookes are all repleit with maiestie,  
One waie or other she is for a king,

And she shall be my loue or else my Queene

Sue that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene

*La* 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,  
I am a subiect fit to rest withall,

But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne

*K Edu* Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake  
No more then what my hart intends,  
And that is to enioie thee for my loue

*La* And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,  
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,  
And yet too good to be your Concubine

*K Edu* You canull widdow, I did meane my Queene

*La* Your grace would belorth my sonnes should call you  
father

*K Edu* No more then when my daughters call thee  
Mother Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,  
And by Gods mother I being but a bachelor  
Haue other some Why tis a happy thing  
To be the father of manie children  
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene

*Glo* The ghostlie father now hath done his shrift

*Cla* When he was made a shriner twas for shift

*K Edu* Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow  
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange  
If I should marrie her

*Cla* Marrie her my Lord, to whom?

*K Edu* Why Clarence to my selfe

*Glo* That would be ten daies wonder at the least

*Cla* Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lastes

*Glo* And so much more are the wonders in extreames  
*K Edw* Well, least on brothers, I can tell you, hir  
 sute is granted for her husbands lands

*Enter a Messenger*

*Me* And it please your grace, Henry your foe is  
 Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates

*K Edw* Awake with him, and send him to the Tower,  
 And let vs go question with the man about  
 His apprehension    Lords along, and vse this  
 Ladie honorable

*[Exeunt Omnes]*

*Manet Gloster and speaks*

*Glo* I, Edward will vse women honourablie,  
 Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,  
 That from his loines no issue might succeed  
 To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,  
 For I am not yet lookt on in the world  
 First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry  
 And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue  
 Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,  
 A cold premeditation for my purpose,  
 What other pleasure is there in the world beside?  
 I will go clad my bodie in gaine ornaments,  
 And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,  
 And witch sweet Ladies with my words and looks  
 Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!  
 Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe  
 And for I should not deale in hir affaires,  
 Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,  
 And plaste an enuious mountaine on my backe,  
 Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie,  
 To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe  
 To make my legges of an vnequall size,  
 And am I then a man to be belou'd?  
 Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.

Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,  
 I crie content, to that that grieues me most  
 I can adde colours to the Camelion,  
 And for a need change shapes with Protheus,  
 And set the aspiring Catalin to schoole  
 Can I doe this, and cannot get the crowne?  
 Tush were it ten times higher, Ile put it downe [Exit

*Enter king LEWIS and the ladie BONA, and Queene MARGARET,  
 Prince EDWARD, and OXFORD and others*

*Lewes* Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,  
 It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,  
 Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,  
 Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,  
 And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat  
 And place king Henry in his former rule

*Queene* I humblye thanke your royall maiestie.  
 And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,  
 Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs

*Enter Warwike*

*Lew* How now, who is this?

*Queen* Our Earle of Warwike Edwardes chiefest friend

*Lew* Welcome braue Warwike, what brings thee to  
 France?

*War* From worthy Edward king of England,  
 My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,  
 I come in kindnes and vnfeined loue,  
 First to do greetings to thy royall person,  
 And then to craue a league of amitie,  
 And lasthe to confirme that amitie  
 With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant  
 That vertuous ladie Bona thy faire sister,  
 To Englands king in lawfull marriage

*Queen* And if this go forward all our hope is done.

*War.* And gracious Madam, in our kings behalfe,  
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,  
Humble to kisse your hand and with my tongue,  
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,  
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,  
Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues

*Queen* King Lewes and Lady Bona heare me speake,  
Before you answer Warwike or his words,  
For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs

*War* Inurious Margaret

*Prince Ed* And why not Queene?

*War* Because thy father Henry did vsurpe,  
And thou no more art Prince than shee is Queene

*Ox* Then Warwike disanuls great Iohn of Gaunt  
That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,  
And after Iohn of Gaunt wise Henry the fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirrour to the world  
And after this wise prince Henry the fift,  
Who with his prowess conquered all France,  
From these our Henries lineallie discent

*War* Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse  
You told not how Henry the sixt had lost  
All that Henry the fift had gotten  
Me thinkes these peeres of France should smile at that,  
But for the rest you tell a pettigree  
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,  
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.

*Oxf* Why Warwike, canst thou denie thy king,  
Whom thou obeyedst thirte and eight yeeres,  
And bewray thy treasons with a blush?

*War* Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,  
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?  
For shame leaue Henry and call Edward king

*Oxf* Call him my king by whom mine elder  
Brother the Lord Awbray Vere was done to death

And more than so, my father euen in the  
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,  
When age did call him to the dore of death ?  
No Warwike no, whilst life vpholds this arme  
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.

*War* And I the house of Yorke

*K Lewes* Queene Margaret, prince Edward and  
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while,  
Till I doe talke a word with Warwike  
Now Warwike euen vpon thy honor tell me true,  
Is Edward lawfull king or no ?

For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful heir

*War* Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit

*Lew* What is he gracious in the peoples eyes ?

*War* The more, that Henry is vnfortunate

*Lew* What is his loue to our sister Bona ?

*War* Such it seemes

As maie beseeme a monarke like himselve  
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,  
That this his loue was an eternall plant,  
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,  
The leaves and fruite maintainde with beauties sun,  
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,  
Vnlesse the ladie Bona quite his paine

*Lew* Then sister let vs heare your firme resolute

*Bona* Your grant or your denial shall be mine,  
But ere this daie I must confesse, when I  
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,  
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire

*Lew* Then draw neere Queene Margaret and be a  
Witnesse, that Bona shall be wife to the English king

*Prince Edw* To Edward, but not the English king

*War* Henry now lues in Scotland at his ease,  
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,  
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene,

You haue a father able to maintaine your stato,  
And better twere to trouble him then France

*Sound for a post within*

*Lew* Here comes some post Warwike to thee or vs

*Post* My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,  
Sent from your brother Marquis Montague  
This from our king vnto your Maiestie  
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not

*Oxf* I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,  
Smiles at her newes when Warwike frets as his

*P Ed* And marke howe Lewes stamps as he were nettled.

*Lew* Now Margaret & Warwike, what are your news?

*Queen* Mine such as fills my hart full of ioie

*War* Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent

*Lew* What hath your king married the Ladie Gray,  
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?  
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

*Quee* This proueth Edwards loue, & Warwiks honestie

*War* King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heauen,  
And by the hope I haue of heauenlie blisse,  
That I am cleare from this misdeed of Edwards  
No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame  
Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,  
My father came vntimelie to his death?  
Did I let passe the abuse done to thy neece?  
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,  
And thrust king Henry from his natue home,  
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?  
My gracious Queene pardon what is past,  
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,  
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie Bona,  
And replant Henry in his former stato

*Queen* Yes Warwike I doe quite forget thy forme!

Faults, if now thou wilt become king Henries friend.

*War* So much his friend, I his vnfaigned friend,  
That if king Lewes vouchsafe to furnish vs  
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,  
He vndertake to land them on our coast,  
And force the Tyrant from his seat by warre,  
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him

*Lew* Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,  
You shall haue aide and English messenger returne  
In post, and tell false Edward thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers  
To ieuell it with him and his new bride

*Bona* Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortlie,  
He weare the willow garland for his sake

*Queen* Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,  
And I am readie to put armour on

*War* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long  
Thears thy reward, begone

*Lew* But now tell me Warwike, what assurance  
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?

*War* This shall assure my const int loyaltie,  
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,  
He giue mine eldest daughter and my iorie  
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes

*Queen* Withall my hart, that match I like ful wel,  
Loue her sonne Edward, shee is faire and yong,  
And giue thy hand to Warwike for thy loue

*Lew* It is enough, and now we will prepare,  
To leue souldiers for to go with you  
And you Lord Bourbon our high Admirall,  
Shall waite them safelie to the English coast,  
And chase proud Edward from his slumbring trance,  
For mocking marriage with the name of France

*War* I came from Edward as Imbassador

But I returne his sworne and mortall foe  
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,  
 But dreadful warre shall answere his demand  
 Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
 Then none but I shall turn his iest to sorrow  
 I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,  
 And Ile be chiefe to bring him down againe,  
 Not that I pittie Henries miserie,  
 But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie

[Exit

*Enter King EDWARD, the Queene and CLARENCE, and GLOSTER,  
 and MONTAGUE, and HASTINGS, and PEMBROKE, with  
 souldiers*

*Edw* Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,  
 What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie Gray?

*Cla* My Lord, we thinke as Warvvike and Levves  
 That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take  
 No offence at this suddaine marriage

*Edw* Suppose they doe, they are but Levves and  
 Warvvike, and I am your king and Warvvikes,  
 And will be obayed.

*Glo* And shall, because our king, but yet such  
 Sudden marriages seldome proueth well

*Edw* Yea brother Richard are you against vs too?

*Glo* Not I my Lord, no, God forefend that I should  
 Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure,  
 I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that y oake so wel together

*Edw* Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,  
 Shew me some reasons why the Ladie Gray,  
 Maie not be my loue and Englands Queene?  
 Speake freehe Clarence, Gloster,  
 Montague and Hastings

*Cla* My Lord then this is my opinion,  
 That Warvvike beeing dishonored in his embassage,  
 Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniuries

*Glo* And Lervés in regard of his sisters wrongs,  
Doth ioiné with Warwike to supplant your state

*Edw* Suppose that Lewis and Warwike be appeas'd,  
By such meanes as I can best deuise

*Mont* But yet to haue ioin'd with France in this  
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our  
Common wealth, gainst forraigne stormes,  
Then anie home bred marriage

*Hast* Let England be true within it selfe,  
We need not France nor any alliance with them

*Cla* For this one speech the Lord Hastings wol deserues,  
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungerford

*Edw* And what then ? It was our will it should be  
so ?

*Cla* I, and for such a thing too the Lord Seales  
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the  
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your  
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in  
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood

*Edw* Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,  
That thou art mal-content,  
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one

*Cla* Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,  
That you shall giue me leaue to make my  
Chouse as I thinke good, and to that intent,  
I shortlie meane to leaue you

*Edw* Leaue me or tarré I am full resolu'd  
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils

*Queen* My Loids doe me but right, and you must  
Confesse, before it pleas'd his highnesse to aduance  
My state to title of a Queene,  
That I was not ignoble in my birth

*Edw* Forbeare my loue to sawne vpon their frownes,  
For thee they must obry, naie shall obaie,  
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

*Mont* My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from  
France

*Enter a Messenger*

*Ed* Now sirra, What letters or what newes?

*Mes* No letters my Lord, and such newes, as without  
your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate

*Edw.* We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst  
tell me, What said Lewis to our letters?

*Mes* At my departure these were his verie words  
Go tell false Edward thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,  
To reuill it with him and his new bride

*Edw* Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me Henry  
But what said Lady Bona to these wrongs?

*Mes* Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widower  
shortly, He weare the willow garland for his sake

*Edw* She had the wrong, indeed she could saie  
LITTLE lesse But what saide Henries Queene, for as  
I heare, she was then in place?

*Mes* Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be  
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on

*Edw* Then belike she meanes to playe the Amazon  
But what said Warwike to these iniuries?

*Mes* He more incensed then the rest my Lord,  
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long

*Ed* Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude words?  
But I will arme me to preuent the worst  
But what is Warwike friendes with Margaret?

*Mes* I my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship,  
That young Prince Edward marries Warwikes daughter.

*Cla* The elder, belike Clarence shall haue the  
Yonger All you that loue me and Warwike  
Follow me

[*Exit CLARENCE and SUMMERSSET*]

*Edw* Clarence and Summerset fled to Warwike  
What saie you brother Richard, will you stand to vs?

*Glo* I my Lord, in despite of all that shall  
Withstand you For why hath Nature  
Made me halt downe right, but that I  
Should be valiant and stand to it for if  
I would, I cannot runne awaie

*Edw* Penbrooke go raise an arme presentlie,  
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night  
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,  
Hee must to meet proud Warwike ere he land  
Those strigling troopes which he hath got in France  
But ere I got Montague and Hastings,  
You of all the rest are not rest allied  
In blood to Warwike, therefore tell me, if  
You fauour him more then me or not  
Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open  
Enemies, then hollow friends

*Monta* So God helpe Montague as he proues true.

*Hast* And Hastings as hee fauours Edwards cause

*Edw* It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie

[*I exeunt Ornes*]

*Enter WARWIK and OXFORD, with souldiers*

*War* Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,  
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,  
But see where Sommerset and Clarence comes,  
Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends?

*Cl* Feare not that my Lord

*War* Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto Warwike.  
And welcome Sommerset, I hold it cowardise,  
To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,  
Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,  
Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,  
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,

But welcome sweet Clarence my daughter shall be thine  
 And now what rests but in nights couerture,  
 Thy brother being careless & exempt,  
 His souldiers lurking in the towne about,  
 And but attended by a simple garde,  
 We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,  
 Our skouts haue found the aduerture vrie easie,  
 Then crye king Henry with resolved minde-,  
 And breake we presentlie into his tent.

*Cl* Why then lets on our waye in silent sort,  
 For Warwike and his friends God and saint George

*War* This is his tent, and see where his guard doth  
 Stand Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,  
 But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours

*All* A Warwike, a Warwike

*Alarmer, and GLOSTER and HASTINGS flies*

*Oxf* Who goes there?

*War.* Richard and Hastings let them go, heere is the  
 Duke

*Edw* The Duke, why Warwike when we parted  
 Last, thou caldst me king?

*War* I, but the case is altered now  
 When you disgraste me in my embassage,  
 Then I disgraste you from being king,  
 And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke,  
 Alasse how should you gouerne anie kingdome,  
 That knowes not how to vse ambassadors,  
 Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,  
 Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enemies

*Edw* Well Warwike, let fortune doe her worst,  
 Edward in munde will beare himselfe a king

*War* Then for his minde be Edward England's king  
 But Henry now shall weare the English crowne  
 Go conuaine him to our brother archbishop of Yorke

# THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF

*A* when I haue fought with Penbrooke & his followers,  
 come and tell thee what the ladie Bona saies,  
 id so for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke,

[*Exeunt some with EDWARD.*]

*Clia* What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,  
 But we must dispatch some letters to France,  
 To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,  
 And bid hir come with speed to home with vs.

*War.* I thats the first thing that we haue to don  
 And free king Henry from imprisonment,  
 And see him seated in his regall throne,  
 Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past this cares,  
 He post to Yorke, and see how Edward fares

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS and sir WILLIAM STANLY*

*Glo* Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanly,  
 Know that the cause I sent for you is this  
 I looke my brother with a slender traue,  
 Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.  
 The Bishop of Yorke befriends him much,  
 And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,  
 Now I haue prauie sent him word,  
 How I am come with you to rescue him,  
 And see where the huntsman and he doth come

*Enter EDWARD and a Huntsman*

*Hunts* This waie my Lord the deere is gone,  
*Edw* No this waie huntsman, see where the  
 Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,  
 What, are you prouided to depart?

*Glo* I, I, the horse stands at the parke corner,  
 Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into Flanders.

*Edw* Come then: Hastings, and Stanlie, I wil  
 Requite your loues Bishop farewell,

Sheeld thee from Warwikes frowne,  
 And prae that I maie repoesse the crowne  
 Now huntsman what will you doo?

*Hunts* Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good  
 Goe with you, as farrie heere to be hanged

*Edw* Come then lets awaie with speed.

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Enter the Queene and the Lord Rivers*

*Rivers* Tel me good maddam, why is your grace  
 So passion ite of late?

*Queen* Why brother Rivers, heere you not the newes,  
 Of that successe king Edward had of late?

*Riv* What losse of some pitcht battaile against  
 Warwike,

Tush, feare not faire Queen but cast those cares aside  
 King Edwards noble mind his honours doth display.  
 And Warwike maie lose, though then he got the day

*Queen* If that were all my griefes were at an end  
 But greater troubles will I feare befall

*Riv* What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,  
 To the danger of his royal person then?

*Queen* I, thears my griefe, king Edward is surprisde,  
 And led awaie, as prisoner unto Yorke

*Riv* The newes is passing strange, I must confesse  
 Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,  
 Then Lancaster at this time must perceiue,  
 That some will set him in his throne againe

*Queen* God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,  
 And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,  
 Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,

There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,  
 K. Edwards seed true heire to Englands crowne

[*Exit*]

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, and HASTINGS with a troop  
of Hollanders*

*Edw* Thus far from Belgia haue we past the sea  
And maicht from Brunsbur haueen into Yorke  
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this

*Rich* Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals

*Enter the Lord Maire of Yorke vpon the wals*

*Mair* My Lords we had notice of your comming,  
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,  
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne  
Henry now is king, and we are swoine to him

*Edw* Why my Lord Maire, if Henry be your king,  
Edward I am sure at leist, is Duke of Yorke

*Mair* Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse

*Edu* I craue nothing but my Dukedome

*Rich* But when the Fox hath gotten in his head,  
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after

*Hast* Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?  
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends

*Mair* Saie you so, then Ile open them presentlie

*[Exit Maire]*

*Ri* By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone perswaded

*The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keyes in his hand*

*Edw* So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut,  
But in the time of warre, giue me the keyes  
What, feare not man for Edward will defend  
the towne and you, despite of all your foes

*Enter sir IOHN MOUNTGOMERY with drumme and souldiers*  
How now Richard, who is this?

*Rich* Brother, this is sir Iohn Mountgommery,  
A trustie friend vnlesse I be deceiued.

*Edw* Welcome sir Iohn Wherefore come you in armes?

*Sir John* To helpe king Edward in this time of stormes,  
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe

*Edw* Thankes braue Mountgommery,  
But I onlie claime my Dukedom.  
Vntil it please God to send the rest

*Sir John* Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and let vs  
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke

*Edw* Nay stane sir Iohn and let vs first debate,  
With what security we maie doe this thing

*Sir John* What stand you on debating, to be brieue,  
Except you presentlv proclaime your selfe our king,  
He hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to  
Succour you, why should we fight when  
You pretend no title?

*Rich* Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?  
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne

*Edw* I am resolute once more to claime the crowne,  
And win it too, or else to loose my life

*Sir John* I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,  
And now will I be Edwards Champion,  
Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaimd.  
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England  
and France, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer gainsaies  
king Edwards right by this I challenge him to single fight,  
long lue Edward the fourth

*All* Long lue Edward the fourth.

*Edw* We thanke you all Lord Maire leade on the  
waie

For this night wee le harbour here in Yorke,  
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,  
Liftes vp his beames aboue this horison  
Wee le march to London, to meete with Warwike  
And pull false Henry from the Regall throne

[*Exeunt Omnes*

*Enter WARWICK and CLARENCE, with the Crowne, and then  
King Henry and Oxford, and Summerset, and the yong  
Earle of Richmond*

*Hen* Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,  
By Gods great mercies am I brought  
Againe, Clarence and Warwike doe you  
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect  
My realme in peace, and I will spend the  
Remnant of my daies, to sinners rebuke  
And my Creators praise

*War* What answers Clarence to his soueraignes will?

*Cla* Clarence agrees to what King Henry likes

*King* My Lord of Summerset, what prettie  
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of?

*Sum* And it please your grace, it is yong Henry,  
Earle of Richmond

*King* Henry of Richmond, Come hither prettie Liddle.  
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright  
To my diuining thoughts, thou prettie boy,  
Shal proue this Countries blisse,  
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,  
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,  
Make much of him my Lords,  
For this is he shall helpe you more,  
Then you are hurt by me

*Enter one with a letter to WARWICK*

*War* What Counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia,  
With hastie Germanes and blunt Hollanders,  
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas,  
And with his troopes doe march amane towards London,  
And manie giddie people follow him

*Oxf* Tis best to looke to this betimes,  
For if this fire doe kindle any further,

It will be hard for vs to quench it out

*War* In Warwikeshire I haue true-harted friends,  
Not, mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,  
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne Clarence shalt  
In Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,  
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee  
And thou brother Montague, in Leistershire,  
Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,  
Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,  
And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belou'd,  
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends  
My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,  
Shall rest in London till we come to him.  
Faure Lords take leaue and stand not to reple,  
Farewell my soueraigne

*King* Farewel my Hector, my Troyes true hope

*War* Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie

*All* Agreed [*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Enter Edward and his traine*

*Edw* Sease on the shamefast Henry,  
And once againe conuaie him to the Tower,  
Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake  
And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course  
To meet with Warwike and his confederates

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Enter WARWIKE on the walles*

*War* Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?  
How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow?

*Oxf post* By this at Daintrie marching hitherward

*War* Where is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

*Post* I left him at Donsmore with his troopes

*War* Say Summerfield where is my louing son?

And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?

*Sommer* At Southam my Lord I left him with  
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence

*War* Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum

*Enter EDWARD and his power*

*Glo* See brother, where the surly Warwike man the  
wal

*War* O vnbid spight, is spotfull Edward come  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they sedusto,  
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

*Edw* Now Warwike wilt thou be sornie for thy faults,  
And call Edward king and he will pardon thee

*War* Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?  
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?

Call Warwike patron and be penitent,  
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke

*Glo* I had thought at least he would haue said the king.  
Or did he make the rest against his will

*War* Twas Warwike gaue the kingdome to thy brother

*Edw* Why then tis mine, if but by Warwikes gift

*War* I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight,  
And weakling, Warwike takes his gift againe,  
Henry is my king, Warwike his subiect

*Edw* I prethe gallant Warwike tell me this,  
What is the bodie when the head is off?

*Glo* Alasse that Warwike had no more foresight,  
But whilst he sought to sterle the single ton,  
The king was finelic fingerd from the decke?  
You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallace,  
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower

*Edw* Tis euen so, and yet you are olde Warwike still

*War* O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford come

*Enter OXFORD with drum and souldiers & al crye,*

*Oxf* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster

[*Exit.*

*Edw* The Gates are open, see they enter in,  
 Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes  
*Glo* No, so some other might set vpon our backs,  
 Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them

*Enter SUMMERSET with drum and souldiers*

*Sum* Summerset, Summerset, for Lancaster [Exit

*Glo* Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset,  
 Haue solde their hues vnto the house of Yorke,  
 And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold

*Enter MONTAGUE with drum and souldiers*

*Mont* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster [Exit

*Edw* Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother  
 Shall deerele abie this rebellious act

*Enter CLARENCE with drum and souldiers*

*War* And loe where George of Clarence sweepes  
 Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell

*Cla* Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster

*Edw* Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?  
 A parlie sirra to George of Clarence

*Sound a Par lie, and RICHARD and CLARENCE whisper together,  
 and then CLARENCE takes his red Rose out of his hat, and  
 throwes it at WARWIKE*

*War* Com Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwike call

*Cla* Father of Warwike, know you what this meanes?  
 I throw mine infamie at thee,  
 I will not rurnate my fathers house,  
 Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones together,  
 And set vp Lancaster Thinkest thou  
 That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,  
 To lift his sword against his brothers life,  
 And so proud harted Warwike I defie thee,  
 And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?

Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,  
 And Richard doe not frowne vpon me,  
 For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant

*Edw* Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,  
 Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate

*Glo* Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherlie

*War* Oh passing traytor, periu'd and vnjust

*Edw* Now Warwike, wilt thou leaue  
 The towne and fight? or shall we beate the  
 Stones about thine eies?

*War* Why I am not coopt vppe heere for defence,  
 I will awaie to Burnet presently,  
 And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest

*Edw* Yes Warwike he dares, and leades the waie,  
 Lords to the field, saint George and victorie.

[*Ereunt Omnes*]

*Alarmes, and then enter WARWIK wounded*

*War* Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,  
 And tell me who is victor Yorke or Warwike?  
 Why aske I that? my mangied bodie shewes,  
 That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth  
 And by my fall the conquest to my foes,  
 Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,  
 Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,  
 Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,  
 Whoso top branch ouerpeerd Ioues spreading tree  
 The wrinkles in my browes now filld with bloud,  
 Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers  
 For who hu'd king, but I could dig his graue?  
 And who durst smile, when Warwike bent his brow?  
 Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,  
 My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,  
 Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,  
 Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

*Enter OXFORD and SUMMERSET*

*Oxf* Ah Warwike, Warwike, cheere vp thy selfe and  
lue,

For yet thears hope enough to win the daie  
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France,  
And at South-hampton landed all hir traine,  
And mightst thou lue, then would we neuer flie

*War* Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,  
But Hercules himselve must yeeld to ods,  
For manie wounds recei'd, and manie moe repaid,  
Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,  
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death

*Som* Thy brother Montague hath breathd his last,  
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie  
And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,  
And more he would haue spoke and more he said,  
Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,  
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,  
And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost

*War* What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and  
dust?

And lue we how we can, yet die we must  
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,  
For Warwike bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen

*[He dies]*

*Oxf* Come noble Summerset, lets take our horse,  
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,  
That all our friends that yet remaine alue,  
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselves by flight  
That done, with them weele post vnto the Queene,  
And once more trie our fortune in the field *[Ex ambo.]*

*Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, with souldiers*

*Edw* Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,

And girts our temples with triumphant ioyes,  
 The lagboond traitor Warwike hath breathde his last,  
 And heauen this due hath smilde vpon vs all,  
 But in this cleere and brightsome daie,  
 I see a blacke suspicious cloud appeare  
 That will encounter with our glorious sunne  
 Before he gaine his easfull westerne beames,  
 I mean those powers which the Queen hath got in Fraunce  
 Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs

*Ed* Oxford and Summerset are fled to hir  
 And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,  
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours

*Ed* We are aduertisde by our louing friends,  
 That they doe hold their course towards Tewxburie  
 Thither will we, for willingnes ride waie,  
 And in euerie countie as we passe along,  
 Our strengthes shall be augmented.

Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire  
 Bright Summers due, sharpe winters  
 Showers will marre our hope for haie

[*Ex Omnes*]

*Enter the Queene, Prince EDWARD, OXFORD and SUMMERSSET,  
 with drum and souldiers*

*Quee* Welcome to England, my louing friends of Fraunce  
 And welcome Summerset, and Oxford too  
 Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,  
 And though our tackling be almost consumde,  
 And Warwike as our maine mast ouerthrowne,  
 Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,  
 That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,  
 And Ned and I as willing Pilots should  
 For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,  
 To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe  
 That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends

*Prince* And if there be, as God forbid there should,

Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,  
 Let him depart before the battels iome,  
 Least he in time of need intise another,  
 And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs  
 I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,  
 But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,  
 And single Edward from his strongest guard,  
 And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,  
 Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts

*Oxf* Women and children of so high resolute,  
 And Warriors faint, who twere perpetuall  
 Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy  
 Noble grandfather doth lue againe in thee,  
 Long maiest thou lue to beare his image,  
 And to renew his glories

*Sum* And he that turnes and flies when such do fight  
 Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie  
 Be hist, and wondered at if he arise

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mes* My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,  
 Is marching hitherwards to fight with you

*Oxf* I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprovidd,  
 But here will we stand and fight it to the death

*Enter King EDWARD, CLA. GLO. HAST and Souldiers*

*Edw* See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,  
 Which by God's assistance and your prowesse,  
 Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe

*Queen* Lords, Knights, & gentlemen, what I should say,  
 My teares gamesaie, for as you see, I drinke  
 The water of mine eyes Then no more  
 But this Henry your king is prisoner  
 In the tower, his land and all our friends  
 Are quite distrest, and yonder stande

The Wolfe that makes all this,  
 Then on Gods name Lords together cry saint George  
*All Saint George for Lancaster*

*Alarmes to the battell, YORKE flies, then the chambers be discharged Then enter the king, CLA & GLO & the rest, & make a great shout, and crye, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene is taken, & the prince, & OXF. & STR and then sound and enter all againe*

*Edw* Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,  
 Awake with Oxford to Hames castell straight,  
 For Summerset off with his guiltie head  
 Awake I will not heare them speake

*Oxf* For my part Ile not trouble thee with words

[*Exit OXFORD*]

*Sum* Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death

[*Exit SUM.*]

*Edw* Now Edward what satisfaction canst thou make,  
 For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?

*Prin* Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,  
 Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,  
 Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand kneele thou,  
 Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,  
 Which traytor thou woudst haue me answere to

*Queen* Oh that thy father had been so resolu'd.

*Glo* That you might still haue kept your  
 Petticote, and nere haue stolne the  
 Breech from Lancaster

*Prince* Let Aesop fable in a winters night,  
 His currish Riddles sorts not with this place

*Glo* By heauen brat Ile plague you for that word

*Queen* I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

*Glo* For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.

*Prin* Nay take away this skolding Crookbacke rather

*Edw* Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue

*Gla* Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert

*Prim* I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull  
Lascimous Edward, and thou periurd George,  
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,  
I am your better traytors as you be

*Edw* Take that, the litnes of this railer heere

*Queen* Oh kill me too

*Glo* Marrie and shall

*Edw* Hold Richard hold, for we haue doone too much  
alreadie

*Glo* Why should she lue to fill the world with words?

*Ed* What doth she swound? make meanes for

Her recouerie?

*Glo* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother,  
I must to London on a serious matter,  
Ere you come there, you shall heere more newes

*Gla* About what, prethe tell me?

*Glo* The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out

[Exit GLOSTER

*Queen* Ah Ned, speake to thy mother boy? ah  
Thou canst not speake

Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,  
They that stabd Cæsar shed no bloud at all,  
For he was a man, this in respect a childe,  
And men nere spend their furie on a child,  
What's worse then tyrant that I maie name,  
You haue no children Deuils, if you had,  
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,  
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,  
Looke in his youth to naue him so cut off,  
As Traitors you haue doone this sweet young prince

*Edw* Awake, and beare her hence

*Queen* Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch  
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,  
Ile pardon thee my death Wilt thou not?

Then Clarence, doe thou doe it ?

*Cla* By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease

*Queen* Good Clarence doe, sweet Clarence kill me too

*Cla* Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it ?

*Queen* I, but thou vsest to forswear thy selfe,

Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie

Where's the Diuels butcher, hardfaored Richard,

Richard where art thou ? He is not heere,

Murder is his almes deed, petitioners

For bloud he nere put backe

*Edw* Awrie I saie, and take her hence perforce

*Queen* So come to you and yours, as to this prince [Ex

*Edw* Clarence, whithers Gloster gone ?

*Cla* Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to  
Make a bloudie supper in the Tower

*Edw* He is sudden if a thing come in his head.

Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie

And thanks, and now let vs towards London,

To see our gentle Queene how shee doth fare,

For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

*Enter GLOSTER to King HENRY in the Tower*

*Glo* Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard ?

*Hen* I my good Lord Lord I should saie rather,  
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,

Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,

What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act ?

*Glo* Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind

*Hen* The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,  
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,  
Hauue now the fatall object in mine eye,

Where my poor young was limde, was caught & kild

*Glo* Why, what a foole was that of Creete ?  
That taught his sonne the office



*Hen* I and for much more slaughter after this  
O God forgue my sinnes, and pardon thee [*He dies*  
*Glo* What? will the aspiring bloud of Lancaster  
Sink into the ground I had thought it would haue  
mounted,  
See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.  
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,  
For such as seeke the downefall of our house  
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee, [*Stab him againe*  
Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither  
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare  
Indeed twas true that Henry told me of,  
For I haue often heard my mother saie,  
That I came into the world with my legs forward,  
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,  
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?  
The women wept and the midwife cride,  
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth  
And so I was indeed, which plainche signifie,  
That I should snarle and bite, and plaine the dogge.  
Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,  
Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it  
I had no father, I am like no father,  
I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers,  
And this word *Loue* which gray beards tearme diuine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me, I am my selfe alone  
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light  
But I will sort a pitchie dme for thee  
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,  
As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,  
And then to purge his feyre, He be thy death  
Henry and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,  
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest.  
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best



*Queen* Thankes noble Clarence worthe brother thankes.

*Isolste* And that I loue the fruit from whence thou  
Springst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child  
To see the truth so Iudas kist his maistor,  
And so he cried all haile, and meant all harme

*Edicard* Nowe am I seated as my soule delights,  
Hauing my countres peace, and brothers loues

*Isa* What will your grace haue done with Margaret,  
Lanard her father to the king of France,  
Hith pawnd the Cyssels and Ierusalem,  
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome

*Faw* Awake with her, and waite hir hence to France,  
And now what rests but that we spend the time,  
With stately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,  
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court  
Sound drums and Trumpets, farewell to sower annoy,  
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioie     [*Exeunt Omnes*]

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